THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Death of a Worthy and Highly Efficient Officer of Div. 36—A Fine Gathering of the Order in Peoria Addressed by State President Keating and John J. Mahoney.

Monthly Meeting of Div. 16 at Bishop's Hall—County President Henely Officiates at an Installation—Newly Elected Officers of Div. 13.

The death of Brother Bartley Owens has deprivedDiv. 36 of the services of an able secretary, and the members have lost one of the most earnest and unpretentious workers in the Order. Since his election to the responsible position of financial secretary Brother Owens has contributed much to the financial and numerical success of his division, and his earnest endeavors to win back lapsed members have been mainly the reason why notwithstanding few new applications the membership has not decreased. His memory will be a revered one in thoughts and prayers of his associates who extend to his bereaved family their sincere and deep sympathy in their hour of affliction.

The brothers in Peoria were in great force at the meeting held to receive State President J. T. Keating, who, accompanied by Brother J. J. Mahony, of Div. 5, visited their city on last Sunday. The report of the event was crowded out owing to the pressure of reports from other sections. Notwithstanding the inclement weather the meeting hall of Div. 3 was crowded to its utmost capacity. The State President was invited by County President J. G. Higgins to act as installing officer, as the occasion was selected as a proper one for the officials for the ensuing term to assume their respective positions. A very interesting ceremony, devised by County President Higgins, elaborated the formal ritual ceremonies and lent much interest and impressiveness to the

ered an address on the good of the Order. He complimented Div. 16 on the progress they had made during the past year, and from a personal knowledge of the new president he could vouch that they would have no reason at the end of the year to regret that they had placed him in such a position. He regretted the retirement of Brother McGinty from office, but was sure that he would take the same interest in the A. O. H. in the future as he had in the past. The newly-elected president thanked the members for the honor they had conferred on him in electing him president of Div. 16. He hoped that the confidence intrusted to him would not be misplaced, and that the same kind relations would continue during his term of office. He asked the assistance of the officers and members in trying to build up the division during the present year, and said he would insist on the members attending punctually at the meetings. It was gratifying to all to see that the year was begun well by initiating eight new members. The next meeting will be held on Friday evening, Feb. 26, in the same hall at 8 o'clock.

The newly-elected officers of Div. 13 were installed by Brother James Flanagan, an officer of the County Board, at their hall, No. 3001 Archer avenue, on Jan. 7. Brother Flanagan, in taking the chair, was warmly received, and he installed the following officers: President, John E. Long; Vice-President, P. F. Conway; Recording Secretary, D. J. Sullivan; Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey; Treasurer, S. J. Moloney; Sentinel, William Fallon; Sergt.-at-Arms, John Dromey; Marshal, Daniel G. Jordan; Chaplain, Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, V. G. After the installation ceremonies refreshments were served and a most enjoyable programme followed. Brother Dromey entertained with his favorite songs, "Dan Curley," "Green-Robed Innisfail," etc. Brother Conway gave "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls" in Gaelic. Addresses on the motto of our noble Order were delivered by President Long and Brother Fred Sullivan, after which "God Save Ireland," in Gaelic, was sung by Brother Conway, the audience rising and joining in the chorus.

I omitted to note the installation of the officers of Div. 3, at Flynn's hall, a short time since. Brother P. J. O'Sullivan, of Div. 8, acted as installing officer, and discharged his duties in a most creditable and impressive manner. County President Henely delivered an interesting address on the growth and future of the Order, and was followed by Brother Luke Lyons in one of his brief but pointed speeches on the "Good

"WHERE IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND?"

And the winds of the world made answer,
North, south, and east and west:
"Wherever there's wealth to covet,
Or land that can be possessed;
Wherever are savage races
To cozen, coerce and scare,
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign:
For the English flag is there!

Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels
Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets
Or to wretchedly starve and die!
And where the beach-comber harries
The isles of the Southern Sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessels,
'Tis the English flag flies free.

The Maori full oft hath cursed it
With his bitterest dying breath;
And the Arab has hissed his hatred
As he spits at his folds in death.
The hapless fellah has feared it
On Tel-el-Kebir's parched plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it
With a deep, indelible stain.

It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'er the fell marauder,
As he ravished with sword and flame,
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
And massacres dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn.

Where is the flag of England?
Seek the land where the natives rot;
Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot.
Go! search for the once-glad islands,
Where diseases and death are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce
Now fattens on human life!

Where is the flag of England?
Go! sail where rich galleons come
With shoddy and 'leaded' cottons,
And [illegible] and Bibles, and [illegible]

admirable critical judgment alone."—Annie Nathan Meyer, in "The Problem of the Novel" in February Arena.

DENOUNCES THE TREATY.

The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, in the House of Representatives of That State, Resents the Latest Attempt to Make the United States a British Province.

The Brave Old Lion of the North Tears to Pieces British Pretensions, Roasts the New Brunswick Tories, and Takes A Fall Out of the English Leopard.

In the course of his great speech on the Anglo-American Arbitration treaty delivered in the Minnesota House of Representatives Jan. 28, the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly said, among many other capital things:

We must expect that when our interest stands in the way of the interests of Great Britain, they will have to hold off and not offer the power of a king to control us. Let it never be forgotten that when England found herself without a market for the opium fields of India by the half-clothed and half-fed peasants of that country they forced the drug with all its consequences upon the people of China. The Chinese protested, and when a shipload of the commodity advanced up their rivers, the people imitated the example of the Bostonians, when they threw the tea into the harbor of that city, seized upon the opium and pitched it overboard. They begged England not to bring that deadly drug into their country. They pointed out the evils that would result to millions. But England insisted, went to war upon it, compelled the Chinese to permit the introduction of opium. In the treaty of peace that was finally adopted they provided that Christian missionaries and opium should enter side by side.

It is claimed by those who are clamoring for this treaty that the American people are of the English race. Nothing can be further from the truth. We [illegible] feeling that pervades this extract. Here we have Bunker Hill and Lundy's Lane and Yorktown brought in a sneering manner and associated with Irish skirmishes at Donnybrook Fair. The article could scarcely have been different if it had been written by one of the aristocracy of Great Britain. I do not wonder at the prejudice of the writer against war. The ancestors of the gentleman who penned the article took part in the Revolutionary war and they were beaten in it, and their posterity have inherited a prejudice against war, especially when fought by Americans. There was in the revolutionary days a large element that sympathized with Great Britain—did not believe in the idea of liberty—would have been glad to have seen Washington, Adams and Jefferson and all the rest hung by the neck until they were dead. They were called Tories. They caused the patriots a great deal of trouble; their occupation was going around burning houses, and slaughtering men, women and children. In many cases they co-operated with the Indians in this barbarous work. They moved by the light of burning homesteads and amid the squealing of distracted chickens (immense and continued applause), they did all they could to prevent the establishment of this Republic, and when at last victory perched upon our banners the indignant patriots rose up and at the point of the bayonet drove them out of the country. They took ship to Nova Scotia, where the British government rewarded them with tracts of land, and where, in that inhospitable land, blown by perpetual breezes from the Atlantic, living upon codfish and nourishing their hatred of American institutions, they passed away. Their departure from our shores was hailed with universal rejoicing by all patriotic people. The very chickens celebrated, and ever since, as you will observe, Mr. Speaker, no fowl in this country ever drinks without raising his head to thank God that the ancestors of the editor of the Pioneer Press were driven out of this land at the point of the boyonet. (Long and continued applause.)

But now they return upon us to pervert the intelligence of the people and make us a subject power to the dominion of Great Britain. Like the Bourbons of France, they have forgotten nothing and learned nothing. I do not wonder at the antipathy to the Irish manifested in this article. These bluenoses have not forgotten the statement of George Washington Park Custis, the stepson of Washington, that Ireland had contributed a hundred soldiers to the revolutionary army where any other

try across the Atlantic. We have followed the advice of Washington, to avoid all entangling alliances with them; we are not likely to. Therefore, why should we tie our hands for six years, for probably a longer period of time in the way proposed by this treaty? If any dispute arises with any foreign power let us meet it upon its merits. We are ready to hold forth the olive branches, but it is just as well that the muzzle of the cannon should appear between them. We demand nothing that is not right; we will submit to nothing that is wrong.

The resolution of the senate as it comes to us does not meet my approbation. It starts out with a grand flourish of trumpets and a declaration that we are in favor of arbitration, and winds up with a lame and impotent conclusion that we don't desire this to be understood as an indorsement of the pending treaty, but that we leave that altogether to the judgment of our senators. It needs no ghost to come from the grave to tell our senators that they have the control of this matter. Why should we waste time and stationery in such a declaration? If the resolution can be amended to indicate opposition to such a treaty as this, then I have no objection to basing our action upon the resolution of the senate. I have no pride of opinion in behalf of my own resolution. (Loud applause.)

Lincoln at School.

Mr. George H. Yenowine contributes a paper on "The Birthplace of Lincoln" to the February St. Nicholas. Mr. Yenowine quotes the following from an old man named Austin Gollaher, who went to school with the Emancipator: "Lincoln was an unusually bright boy, and he made good progress in his books, better than almost any one else in school; and he studied very hard, although he was young. He would get spice-wood bushes and back them up on a log, and put a few of them in the fire at a time to make a light for him to read his books by. It did not make a very good light, but it was all he had at night. Young Lincoln was never good looking. He was angular and awkward. His mother was a rather slim woman of medium height. Tom Lincoln, his father, was tall. Abe was not very much like him, for Tom Lincoln had a fuller face, and was of a heavier build."

In answer to a question as to Lincoln's brothers or sisters, the old man brightened up and said: "Oh, yes he

along one of the sides of the court, on which were suspended the well known series of diagrams contained in Mr. Lough's work.

Lord Bandon, in opening the meeting, said that he was glad to see such a representative gathering assembled to take steps in connection with this very important subject. He hoped that the speeches would be moderate; that nothing would be introduced which any of those present might not like, and that the meeting would be practical, persistent and united (applause).

Sir John Scott then proposed a resolution by which that meeting of taxpayers expressed its sense of the enormous importance of the findings of the Financial Relations Commission, and declared its belief that the future prosperity of Ireland and the social happiness and welfare of her people were vitally concerned in securing such a readjustment of the present system of taxation as would give effective relief to the Irish taxpayer from a burden, as that report conclusively proved to be, excessive and unfair. He said that Ireland should be united on this question so that England should not have the excuse of division to refuse justice.

The Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, seconded the resolution in an able speech, in the course of which he said:

They were told the Irish were spoiled by the overindulgence of the government. What, it was said, about the government loans that you get in such quantities? But it should be remembered that government loans were not free grants, that they had to pay back those loans at the splendidly large interest of, on an average, 3½ per cent, and it was not easy now to get 3½ per cent on excellent security. More, it was a positive gain to the government to have such an investment, for the government, as they were aware, to speculate with the public money, and they had a splendid opportunity of investing it on excellent security at 3½ per cent in Ireland (applause). Lastly, he would utter a word of warning—The system of government loans might easily contribute to their ruin, because a sure way for a poor man or a poor country to court ruin was to borrow money at smart interest, and to invest that money in unproductive and unremunerative investments. They were told that as a matter of fact the government had remitted ten millions., while they had remitted to England only an insignificant sum. If he could he would have every Irishman study that blue book, and he would come away from it a better Irishman. They put the ten millions they had remitted on a par with what they had lent to Great Britain. It had been proved that of this ten millions lent to Ireland, nine millions had been practically lent for Imperial purposes and not for local purposes, four and a half millions were lent to keep the people from starving in the time of the famine. As a set off to the imposition of the income tax, which was twenty-three and a half millions, there was four millions of Imperial debt. The purpose of the income tax was different in England from what it was in Ireland. In Great Britain it was imposed to

money in cereals by increase in the value of cattle. While these things were so was it not a very important fact to know that they were overtaxed by over £100,000,000 according to Mr. Sexton, and he was no mean authority, and it would be hard to refute his arguments. What would that £100,000,000 do now if they had it? Was there no reason why they should not demand restitution of that money? But it was harder to get money that had been spent and forced away than to stop as at present. There were nearly three millions a year being taken from them at present, all for the sake of their country and its manufactures. Every man who loved his country—all should join in making this demand. If they could not afford to give away three millions, they should stop it and help the government by constitutional pressure to leave with them the three millions that were theirs.

Sir Joseph Neale McKenna supported the resolution in a long and able speech, in which he dealt solely with the financial relations between the two countries as disclosed by the evidence given before the Royal Commission.

The resolution was passed.

The Right Rev. Dr. Meade proposed a resolution urging the government to immediately introduce legislation to remedy the injustice to Ireland exposed by the Royal Commission. The Irish people, he said, should demand justice moderately, unitedly, and with a universality that would compel action on the part of England.

Lord Castletown, of Upper Ossory, said: What had they on their side? The right of a nation that had been wronged. What had they got against them? Only the treasury with its officialdom—they would say at once a powerful body. Yes, but one they could face. They should convince their brethren in England that they were right, and they should convince them if they went before them with a fair, impartial and business like statement. It had been proved before that when the treasury met Ireland united as it had done in reference to the mail contract it had to give way. That meeting that day was a proof that Ireland could and would be united upon that great question, and he ventured to prophesy that victory would be theirs if they were true to themselves, firm in their purpose, and moderate in tone. There were one or two points that he would like to touch upon for one moment. The fact had been brought out by the Bishop of Cloyne that from 1817 to 1850 there were little or no taxation except the imposition of the tobacco duty and the stamp duty. That was undoubtedly owing to the fact that Mr. Pitt, when speaking on the Union, used words which indicated the line of policy that he hoped English statesmen would follow until certain conditions would occur. Mr. Pitt said:

"To avoid suspicion of unduly loading our sister kingdom with more than her share of the expenses of the state, to obviate all imputation of partiality, the parliaments of both countries have fixed proportions to be paid by each for a limited time, at the expiration of which, it is presumed, the finances of each may so far approximate that they may be assimilated and identified. The object of the financial arrangements was to effect the gradual abolition of all distinction in finance and revenue between the two countries, and to accelerate the time when both countries would form

land could do—when justice guided and her welfare, and her very life depended upon the result, possibly, of that contest. He did not want to use words that might be misinterpreted, but he felt so deeply upon that great question that he would like to draw attention to the fact that sometimes history repeated itself. An obstinate statesman and unfair taxation lost to England her greatest colony, the United States. He hoped that everyone in that room must hope that Cork might never have to follow the example of Boston, but if it was necessary they would be right, because they had justice on their side. When they had justice on their side they would be right in adopting any means that they had in their power to heal that sore that was sapping their very life blood, and was forcing from Ireland and her shores those who should contribute to her commerce, to her agriculture, and to her nationhood among the peoples of the world. He begged to second the resolution.

Mr. Thomas Lough, M. P., who received a most enthusiastic reception, then delivered a most cogent and telling address on the financial relations of the two countries.

The proceedings soon after terminated.

Div. 2, A. O. H.

The installation of the newly-elected officers of Div. 2, took place in Drexel hall on last Monday evening. President Flanagan of Div. 16, installed the officers. The unfavorable condition of the weather probably accounted in part for the rather small attendance of members. Favorable reports were received from the various committees in connection with the coming ball, to be given in Federation hall, corner of State and Fortieth streets, on Saturday, Feb. 16. Brothers James Flanagan and John J. Sherlock, of Div. 8, addressed the meeting, and spoke in a very interesting and practical way on many subjects of importance to the division. Brother Garret Stack sang, and was loudly applauded. The regular meeting of Div. 2 is held on the first Friday in each month at Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove avenue, at 8:15 o'clock.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.*

our own aristocracy at the "Pure Food shows," suggest new-fangled methods for preparing the treacherous root, and high-filutin names will be given the dishes that would addle the brain of a French man cook. Then when the banquet is all over, milord and milady will hoist their sails, and Ireland and Raleigh's potatoes and potato patch will be soon forgotten, but the treacherous tuber will still continue to be the main food for millions of the Irish people; and when it fails, as fail it will, they will find themselves in the future, as they have in the past, trembling on the verge of famine.

Now, no one objects to the potato as an article of food when used with other wholesome food. Roast mutton or beef and potatoes make a very substantial dinner, and honest corned-beef and cabbage, with potatoes as an auxiliary, make a meal not to be despised. It is only the exclusive use of the potato, or its use, as the poor Irishman put it, "twenty-one times a week," that is objected to. Then its use becomes injurious. We need only go back half a century into Irish history, for proof of this. The generation of Irish people who witnessed the famine, so-called, of fifty years ago is fast passing away. Not so with the memory of that awful time. The year 1847 has burned itself deep on the Irish heart. Fathers who saw it told the story to their sons, and they in turn tell it to their children. Probably when Raleigh brought the potato back with him from his travels in Virginia, he never thought, deep thinker which he undoubtedly was, that the day would come when it would be the only food of the Irish people, and that thousands and tens of thousands would have to die because the potato failed.

The profound genius of English statesmen was yet to evolve that wise plan and policy. He brought it with him as a curiosity, and unfortunately for the Irish people, he found the soil and the climate of Ireland only too well adapted for the cultivation of it. What is there that will not flourish upon her fertile emerald bosom? The rich wheat lands of the Nile valley owe their fertility to the annual overflow of that mighty and mysterious river. Ireland's fertility proceeds from causes the very opposite to this. Nature has lavished its fairest gifts upon her; she is the "sparkle of radiant green" that greeted the weary eye of the Milesian wanderer thousands of years ago, and the soil which gave bread to the generations of bygone centuries is fruitful today. Raleigh had no desire to benefit the people of Ireland when he introduced his potato. Their misery was pleasing to him, as it was to his neighbor and very dear friend, the sweet singer and sweeter cutthroat, Spenser. There was famine in their time—artificial famine—as there has been since.

The whole of Munster was left without "horne or corne or roof tree upstanding." The gentle Edmund suggested cutting down the growing grain and spoiling the fields in order that the people might utterly perish. The character or the time of either Raleigh or Spenser has little to do, however, with the present article. Raleigh enters into

than a struggle for food. There was no well-equipped commissary at Vinegar Hill nor Enniscorthy, or in Fenien times, still later. Like an able general Mr. Parnell recognized the fact that men well fed and clothed make a better fight than men with empty stomachs and bare backs can do, a policy different from that of some of the leaders of the '48 movement; so the people followed his advice, and no longer depended on the potato.

Knowing the attachment of the Irishman to his native land, and that he is easily satisfied and can bear privations with remarkable endurance, English policy devised a plan which barely kept the life in him, and allowed him to toil year after year as a rent producer. The solid food of the country was carried away and sold to enrich people who neither toiled or sowed, and lived as idly as milestones. It is a matter of history—not to go beyond the '47 period—that when the American vessels sailed into Irish ports with cargoes of corn, sent to feed the poor starving creatures there, they were met by Irish boots sailing to England with cargoes of beef, butter and wheat. It was no uncommon sight to see cartloads of grain conveyed by constabulary and military escort to the seaports for shipment, just as provisions are conveyed through a country in time of war. "The potato failed and the people died." The potato accomplished more for England than all her armies from Strongbow down. God alone can count its victims. Who will say that its introduction has been a blessing? If, when Raleigh laid his head upon the block, all knowledge of the potato had perished with him, would the lot of the generations of Irishmen who have toiled, and lived and died in misery since then, have been any the harder to bear? The axe which lopped off his head was sweet mercy when compared to death by failure of his accursed potato.

While my lord is extolling the virtue of the potato, will he pause to reflect upon the ruin its failure has caused? If he journeys to Youghal, will he stray far enough out of his way to visit "the red graves at Skibbreen?" Will the dead upbraid him? Will the agonizing death cry of the poor famine fever victim which still echoes in history rise high above the sweet music while he wines and dines? Will he think of

"The thousands who famished, unfed
Died down in the ditches, wild, howling
for bread?"

Will pictures depicting scenes of that awful time adorn the walls of his banquet hall? Will the "wild mother's scream o'er her famishing brood" now come to disturb the festivities? Will the ceaseless emigrant ship pass before his eyes? Ah, no—none of these things shall happen! Milord will grow eloquent as he tells about the blessings the potato has brought; the flunky craven Irishmen bidden to the banquet will applaud his words and grovel before him. Will Ireland's manhood—the real manhood, have anything to do with the fawning crowd? No, it will spurn and despise them. Build a monument to Raleigh if you please, as other slaves raised monuments to the tyrants who crushed them; flatter the people in power to your hearts content, but do not ask real Irishmen to believe that the potato is a blessing. It is nature's gift to be sure, and like all her gifts, intended for the comfort of man; but English policy found in it an engine of destruction, and a blessing was turned

rious downpour of rain there was a large attendance. The services were conducted at the family residence, No. 350 Oakwood Boulevard, by the Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch. The pallbearers were Francis Walker, Dr. Joseph Hawley, Samuel Hawley, Joseph Mendelson, S. D. Mentz and Albert Doctor. Interment was at Rosehill.

MRS. ELIZABETH VAUGHAN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Vaughan, one of the oldest residents of this city, and a very bright, attractive lady, filled with the ardent fire of Irish patriotism, passed away at her residence, No. 425 Warren avenue, last Sunday, at a ripe age. Her daughter, Miss Mary E. Vaughan, a highly gifted woman, is a distinguished educator in the public schools of this city. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning from the house to St. Malachy's church, where high mass of requiem was offered up by the Rev. Father Hodnett and assistant priests. Thence the honored remains were escorted by a large cortage to the Union depot, and were placed on the Burlington train and taken to Mendota, Ill., where they were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

OFFICER WALSH.

Officer Wm. Walsh died Jan. 2, aged 38 years. He was the husband of Annie Walsh, nee Gallagher, and son of William Walsh, member of the Policemen's Benevolent Association. The funeral occurred on Tuesday at 9 a.m. from his late residence, 11[illegible] Fulton street, to St. Matthew's church, thence by carriages to Calvary.

FUNERAL OF MRS. E. O'LEARY.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen O'Leary, one of the oldest residents of the north side, was held Tuesday, at the residence 375 Bissell street. The services were in charge of Father Walsh of St. Vincent's church. Solemn requeim mass was celebrated at the church after the ceremonies at the residence, Fathers Walsh, Hennely and Judd being the celebrants. The pall-bearers were S. W. McKay, M. Dannehy, Joseph Crawford, M. H. Hennely, Thomas Glassbrook and M. J. Kelly. Interment was in Calvary.

FUNERAL OF ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

MONTREAL, Jan. 5.—The funeral service over the body of Archbishop Fabre was the most imposing seen here in years, and was attended by thirty-two bishops, including all the bishops of Canada, with the exception of Mgr. Cleary of Kingston, who was ill. Two United States bishops were also present. Bishop Dunhamel conducted the funeral service, but at the special request of the deceased there was no sermon. When the body had been taken out of its temporary coffin to be placed in the vault, a struggle ensued between the priests surrounding the coffin to obtain possession of pieces of the lining as relics. Hardly any of it was left.

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WILSON IS CHOSEN.

THE HAWKEYE MAN SELECTED FOR M'KINLEY'S CABINET.

He Will Tackle the Seed Question When Morton Retires, and Look After the Crop Report—Chas. G. Dawes Announces His Acceptance of Eckels' Post.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 2.—Ex-Representative James Wilson, ("Tama Jim"), of Iowa, announced last night his acceptance of the cabinet portfolio recently tendered him by President-Elect McKinley. To a representative of the Associated Press Wilson said: "It is true that I have been invited into President McKinley's cabinet, and I have accepted, and that is all there is to say about the matter." It is generally known that Wilson will be secretary of agriculture, he having wired to Senator Allison yesterday that that portfolio had been offered and accepted.

James Wilson was born Aug. 16, 1835, in Ayreshire, Scotland, of parents belonging to the farming class of the population. His parents emigrated to Conecticut in the spring of 1852, and began farming in the vicinity of Norwich. They came to Iowa in the fall of 1856, buying government land in Tama county. James is the oldest of a family of fourteen children—seven boys and seven girls. His father, John Wilson, was a stock farmer, and began at an early day to fatten stock for the eastern market. The family pursued diversified farming from the beginning, having the dairy feature prominent from the beginning as well as that of meat-making.

GAGE HAS A PORTFOLIO.

Mr. McKinley Selects Him for Secretary of the Treasury.

Canton, O., Jan. 29.—At 7:30 o'clock last evening Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National bank, of Chicago, emerged from the dining room of the McKinley home to fill an appointment with the Associated Press and special correspondents, to tell them the result of his conference with Major McKinley.

"Mr. McKinley offered me the treasury portfolio. I told him I would accept the high honor and fill the position to the best of my ability."

This was the first utterance of the incoming secretary of the treasury on being presented to the party. Gage reached Canton about 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, his train being belated by cold and snow. With him was National Committeeman Cyrus Leland, of Kansas. The McKinley conveyance was in waiting and the visitors were hurried over the snow-covered streets to the McKinley home, from which no hint of what was transpiring within came until dinner had been served and Gage stepped into the office-library, and addressed himself as quoted above. Beyond this he had little to say.

ANOTHER MAN FROM CHICAGO.

He will Take the Place Now Occupied by Mr. Eckels.

Chicago, Feb. 2.—Chicago—with due reference to the beautiful suburb of Evanston—is to have another well-known citizen in charge of important interests at Washington as an official in high position. Charles G. Dawes will not be a member of the cabinet, but is to go in as comptroller of the currency. He has owned-up—admits that the office has been offered him and that he has accepted it. Dawes was a member of the Republican national committee and did much active work for Major McKinley during the recent campaign. He is the author of a work on banking and the relations of currency and banking to trade. Although a young man he has been prominent in business enterprises for the last ten years. He is a lawyer by profession and formerly lived in Lincoln, Neb., where he was a near neighbor of William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Dawes was one of the men known as "original McKinley men."

Alger for Secretary of War.

Canton, O., Jan. 30.—"I have been tendered and have accepted the war portfolio."

Thus spoke General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, to the Associated Press representative yesterday afternoon. The general had just emerged from the south parlor, which is the conference room while Mrs. McKinley is out of the city. He and Major McKinley had just completed the interview in which the formal tender an acceptance were passed.

SEVEN MEET A FIERY DEATH.

Six of the Victims Are Children and One a Wife and Mother.

New York, Feb. 1.—During the early hours of yesterday two fires occurred in Hoboken, N. J., which resulted in the loss of seven lives. Many poor people were made homeless, and even had narrow escapes for their lives. The fires occurred in different parts of the city, and one of them at least is believed to have been of incendiary origin. The first fire started in the three-story frame building at 410 Newark street. There a mother and five children lost their lives. At the other fire a little girl was burned to death.

The dead are Mrs. Nellie Schroeder, 40 years old, wife of Charles Schroeder, her children—Henry, 11 years old; Kate, 9; Maggie, 7; John, 3; Willie, 3 months, and Mabel Mangles. The second fire was at 153 to 159 Fourteenth street. It was there little Mabel Mangles perished. Her sister Florence was seriously burned, but is expected to recover.

General Craighill Retired.

Washington, Feb. 2.—General W. P. Craighill, chief of engineers, was placed on the retired list of the army yesterday at his own request under the forty-year service law. In his letter applying for retirement the general says that in the forty-eight years of his service in the army he has had only six months leave of absence, or an average of between three and four days a year.

Senator Harris Dying.

Washington, Feb. 2.—Senator Harris, of Tennessee, the veteran Democratic member of the upper house, is believed to be dying. His health has been bad for several months, and since his return here from the funeral of his wife, who died two weeks ago, he has been in a state of almost total collapse.

LAWMAKERS AT WORK.

Synopsis of Proceedings in the Senate and House.

Washington, Jan. 28.—The senate yesterday passed the military academy bill after striking out the appropriation to bring the West Point cadets here for the inauguration parade. The balance of the day was consumed in debate on the Nicaragua canal bill and a motion was pending an adjournment to recommit the bill. Sherman made the significant statement (in view of the fact that he will be McKinley's premier) that the only feasible way to build the canal was for the United States government to do it under a new treaty.

The house yesterday, after a debate of four hours, adopted the conference report on the immigration bill by a vote of 131 to 115. The principal criticism of the measure agreed on by the conferees in debate yesterday was based upon the extension of the educational test to female as well as male immigrants, on the ground that it might divide families, and to the limitation to the ability of an immigrant to read and write the English language of the language of his native country or residence.

Washington, Jan. 29.—The open session of the senate was comparatively brief yesterday, as more than half the day was spent behind closed doors. During the open session the bill for an international monetary conference was debated, Chandler speaking in favor of it and Stewart against. It is expected that a vote will be reached today. The Nicaragua canal bill and the bankruptcy bill were before the senate for a brief time, but no progress was made. The most important action of the senate executive session was the confirmation of the nomination of W. S. Forman, of Illinois, to be commissioner of internal revenue.

The house passed the Indian appropriation bill and entered upon the consideration of the agricultural appropriation bill, but all interest in these two measures was overshadowed by two speeches, one made by Grosvenor, attacking ex-Governor Altgeld and the other by DeArmond of Missouri, heaping ridicule on Secretary Morton for the recent issue of a pamphlet entitled "The Farmer's Interest in Finance."

Washington, Jan. 30.—The credentials of W. E. Mason as senator from Illinois were received in the senate yesterday. A bill was passed giving a pension of $8 per month to Martha Frank, of Georgia, the widow of a veteran of the Indian war of 1818. She is 102 years old. Bacon offered resolutions to the effect that congress should pass resolutions in favor of arbitration between nations and ask other countries to do the same in lieu of general arbitration treaties. The bill providing for the appointment of American commissioners to an international silver conference was passed—46 to 4. Adjourned to Monday.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The Nicaragua bill occupied the attention of the senate most of yesterday, but no progress was made toward a final vote.

The house had a busy day. An unusually large number of bills were passed, but few of them were of any considerable importance. It was suspension day, and the usual obstructive tactics were unavailing. The bills passed included a bill to reimburse the heirs of Albert Augustine, of Rose Hill, Ia., in the sum of $350 for two cows destroyed in the Cayuse war of 1848. About 4:30 p. m. the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill was taken up and fair progress made before the hour of adjournment.

OLCOTT DECLARES HIMSELF.

New York's District Attorney Will Wage War Against Wrongdoers.

New York, Feb. 2.—The new district attorney, William M. K. Olcott, makes the following announcements through The World: "Trusts will be criminally prosecuted for illegal actions; the day of favoritism has passed; justice will be administered to rich and poor alike; political pulls will no longer avail; attempts to influence prosecution in any way will be disastrous; every pigeonholed indictment will be resurrected; old excise offenders will be tried; straw bail will no longer be accepted; the mills of justice will grind more swiftly; Tombs no longer overcrowded; release on bail will not mean long immunity; no more long imprisonment of witnesses; vigorous prosecution of criminal builders."

Live Stock Business Improving.

Chicago, Feb. 2.—The anual investigation of the Orange Judd Farmer indicates that the turning point in the long and serious depression of the live stock industry has been passed. Between 1893 and 1896 the depreciation in this form of rural wealth amounted to $623,000,000, or 25 per cent. But returns this year, for the first time since the decline began showed an increase in aggregate value during the past twelve months, the net being $1,887,000. But for a further decline in the values of horses the showing for the year would have been much more gratifying.

Burglars Blow Up a Bank Safe.

Ottumwa, Ia., Feb. 2.—Burglars blew open the safe of the Eldon, Ia., bank yesterday morning and escaped with a stolen buggy and team. The explosion was terrific. The team and buggy were found near Ottumwa yesterday afternoon. It is learned that one robber was badly injured by the explosion. All the thugs are still at large, with a posse in pursuit. It is known that there were three men in the party, and that $7,000 in cash, and $25,000 in notes and mortgages were ruined by the explosion.

The Unfortunate Cruiser Brooklyn.

Philadelphia, Feb. 2.—The United States cruiser Brooklyn, which struck a rock in the Delaware river on Saturday afternoon while being towed from her dock at League island to a place of safety, is still tied up at the ice breaker near Marcus Hook, Pa., twenty miles down the river from Philadelphia. The river is filled with ice and until this clears away no attempt will be made to move the damaged ship. She is perfectly safe now and in no danger of sustaining further injury.

Thirteen-Year-Old Girl Divorced.

Kokomo, Ind., Feb. 2.—Mrs. Bertha Barker was granted a divorce from Charles M. Barker Saturday in the Howard circuit court. The principals reside in Monroe township, and Mrs. Barker is the youngest divorced woman in the state, if not in the nation. She is but 13 years old. The decree was granted on a plea of abandonment and cruelty.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

Head of the Pennsylvania Railway Company Goes to the Majority.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1.—George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania company, died at 4:30 Saturday afternoon at his home in Bala, a suburb of this city, from heart failure superinduced by acute indigestion, aged 63. Roberts was first taken ill in August last, but there had been periods since that time during which he was able to be about the house. He was forced to take to his bed about two months ago with catarrh of the stomach, and grew steadily worse until the time of his death. During the past two weeks his condition had become practically hopeless.

GEORGE B. ROBERTS.

EXPLOSION IN AN IOWA MINE.

Burns Eleven Men, One of Whom Will, It Is Thought, Not Recover.

Ottumwa, Ia., Jan. 29.—News, delayed by storm and cold, has just been received of an explosion in a coal mine at Foster Wednesday. Foster is in Monroe county, fifteen miles south. Eleven men were burned by the explosion, but all will recover with the possible exception of one. The cause of the explosion is a mystery. It is thought it may have been a keg of powder, but the mine authorities say it was the result of natural phenomena; that air of extreme low temperature met the warm, gaseous air of the mine when the shaft suddenly opened, and formed a gas which ignited from the lamps of the miners, who were just leaving work for the noon hour.

The following were injured: Louis Fogler, may die; Robert Williams, John Farrell, C. G. Anderson, David Scott and two sons, Thomas Connor and William Morgan, burned badly, but probably not dangerously, about the scalp, face and hands. John Pierson was badly injured by a flying rock. Nearly all the injured men have families.

LATEST WORK OF TRAIN THUGS.

Express and Mail Looted and Cars Set on Fire with Dynamite.

Portland, Ore., Jan. 30.—The Southern Pacific train which was held up early yesterday morning near Roseburg arrived here last e[illegible]ing. Charles Pip[illegible]er, [illegible]rge of the mail car, said. [illegible]men did all the work of holding [illegible] the train, but I think there were five in the gang. They exploded two dynamite bombs in the express car, and half a dozen on the outside. When the express car took fire I realized that my car, which was next to the express, was in danger. One of the robbers drew his revolver on me while he went through the mail. I don't believe he took anything of value. The express car was soon a mass of flames and I set about to save my car, if possible, by carrying water from a pond near at hand. The entire end of the mail car was burned out, but only a small part of the mail was damaged."

Arbitration Treaty Amended.

Washington, Feb. 1.—The arbitration treaty came out of the senate foreign affairs committee very materially amended, as it was voted 9 to 1 to drop King Oscar as the one who is to appoint an umpire if the high contracting parties fail to agree, and leaving them to fight it out as to who shall be umpire. Another amendment cuts out from arbitration all questions affecting the domestic or foreign policy of either party, or their relations with other states. In this condition it was voted to report the treaty to the senate, Morgan, Mills, Daniel and Cameron voting no on the question of reporting.

Successor to Dubois Elected.

Boise, Ida., Jan. 29.—Henry Heitfielt, Populist, was yesterday elected United States senator to succeed Dubois. The decisive ballot was: Heitfelt, 39; Dubois, 30; T. F. Nelson, 1. Heitfelt got 13 Democratic votes and 1 Republican; Dubois 4 Democrats. Heitfelt is a farmer. He represents Nez Perces county in the state senate. His age is 40. His education is apparently only of a rudimentary character.

Weyler's Supply Train Dynamited.

Cincinnati, Feb. 1.—The Commercial-Tribune's special from Key West says: On Friday one of General Weyler's supply trains was dynamited on the railroad near Cieze, north of Cienfugos. Out of the guard of 100 soldiers on it forty-five were instantly killed or terribly injured. The others surrendered. The captain of the Cubans was a man from Indiana named Burke.

Woman Suffrage Convention Closes.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 30.—The Woman Suffrage convention finished its work last evening, with a celebration of the victory in Idaho. Speeches were made by Mrs. Colby, of Wyoming; Mrs. Bradford, of Colorado, and Mrs. Woods, of Idaho. Other remarks were made incidentally, and the convention adjourned to work without ceasing to add suffrage states.

Kansas City Gamblers Indicted.

Kansas City, Feb. 1.—The grand jury, which a week ago returned indictments against fifty-seven gamblers, returned an additional seventy-six indictments Saturday. This is the sequel of a "Lexow" investigation that has been going on.

Can't Be Very Near Hades.

Dallas, Tex., Feb. 1.—Saturday night and yesterday morning snow fell over north, east and west Texas varying in depth from three to twelve inches.

Barry-Kelly Fight a Draw.

New York, Feb. 1.—The Barry-Kelly fight Saturday night was declared a draw in the twentieth round.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 28.—Representative Revell's bill to repeal the libel law of the last session, which was made a special order for Wednesday, was made a special order for next Tuesday by the house. Buckner stirred up a hornet's nest by offering a resolution regarding the Cuban question. Democrats claimed that hte resolution was out of order and that it was an attempt on the part of the Republicans to steal Democratic thunder. The resolution was referred. Barnes offered a join resolution calling for a submission to the vote of the people of an amendment to the constitution which, if adopted, will admit women to the right of suffrage. The senate was in session just ten minutes. The business transacted was of a routine nature.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 29.—In the house Thursday the resolution of Representative Busse protesting against the arbitration treaty with England now being discussed in congress came up as a special order, and was referred to the committee on federal relations. Perry introduced a bill providing punishment for bribery in elections; also a bill to repeal the flag law. Allen introduced a bill in the interest of good country roads. It provides the issuance of bonds to raise money for this improvement. Another brief session of the senate was held Thursday morning. It was of 10 minutes' duration. A message from the governor nominating W. C. Simpson of Vienna, Ills., a member of the state board of pharmacy to succeed W. P. Boyd was received and confirmed.

Springfield, Jan. 30.—The senate did nothing yesterday but receive a few bills and a joint resolution to submit to the voters a woman's suffrage constitutional amendment. Adjourned to Monday at 5 p. m. In the house the judiciary committee was announced, Allan, of Vermilion, chairman. No other business of importance was done. Adjourned to 5 p. m. Monday.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 2.—Both the house and senate met last evening and immediately adjourned until today. It is expected that Governor Tanner will soon introduce a bill authorizing the governor to borrow money for the conduct of the state institutions, nearly all of which are out of money, with salaries behind. The governor figures that there wil be a shortage of $675,000 within the next ninety days.

The governor will recommend that the general assembly does not exceed $8,000,000 in appropriations. The state can only borrow $250,000 at one time, and then only with the approval of the legislature. The governor anticipates no difficulty in making the necessary loans.

Suicide at a Springfield Hotel.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 30.—William Miller, of Harvel, Montgomery county, Ills., suicided at the Leland hotel yesterday by shooting through the heart. The deceased arrived here last week. He received a telegram Thursday from one Miller, of Litchfield, Ills., saying "Meet me at the train this evening." The deceased wore Masonic and Woodman pins.

Feared He Would Be Lynched.

Rockford, Ills., Feb. 2.—Alva Ames, a carpenter who was arrested a short time ago on complaint of his 13-year-old daughter, was found dead in the county jail yesterday morning. Public sentiment was so aroused that Ames was afraid of being lynched and committed suicide, forming his clothing into a noose and hanging himself to his bunk.

Officers for Illinois Surveyors.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 29.—At the annual session of the Illinois Society of Engineers and Surveyors the following officers were elected: President, Chas. C. Stowell, of Rockford; secretary, P. C. Knight, of Pontiac; executive secretary and treasurer, J. A. Harmon, of Peoria. The next annual meeting will be held at Peoria, in January, 1898.

Funeral of Gen. J. E. Smith.

Galena, Ills., Feb. 2.—The funeral of General John E. Smith, U. S. A., who died in Chicago, was held here yesterday. The services were in accordance with the Protestant Episcopal ritual, in Grace church, Rev. S. J. Yundt in charge. Masonic bodies and Union soldiers in a body attended.

Prominent Chicagoan Dead.

Chicago, Feb. 1.—James W. Oakley, of the Walter Oakley company, tanners, died last evening at his home in this city of paralysis, aged 64 years. He had been an invalid for years. He was prominent in business circles.

State Notes.

During a fit of temporary insanity Mrs. John Shaw, living southeast of Aurora, Ills., tried to poison her family. She and her two children took an ounce of arsenic. Prompt measures saved the children. Mrs. Shaw is still alive although her condition is serious.

James Cummings, a prisoner in the reformatory at Pontiac, Ills., attacked Captain Parker, of the night watch, with a piece of gas pipe and the captain fatally shot him.

L. G. Huff, a brakeman, was killed by a Chicago and Eastern Illinois train between Chicago Heights and Steger. The dead man was married and lived in Danville.

Secretary of State Rose, of Illinois, has appointed Miss Adeline Murdock, of Vienna, Johnson county, second assistant in the index department.

Chicago in six days raised $57,943 for the relief of her destitute.

Governor Tanner, of Illinois, issued a requisition upon the governor of Texas for the extradition of Martin L. Jordan, under arrest at Corpus Christi, Tex., and wanted at Carmi, Ills., for arson.

Ollie Sullivan, 16 years old, was fatally shot at her home in Irving avenue, Chicago, by Frank J. Lauer. The murder was the result of jealously.

Life Imprisonment for Cotell.

Akron, O., Feb. 2.—Romulus Cotell, who killed Alvin Stone and wife and Ira Stillson at Talmadge last March, was allowed to plead guilty of murder in the second degree Monday. Judge Kohler at once sentenced him to life imprisonment at hard labor. Cotell was found guilty in the first trial and was sentenced to hang Nov. 6.

SIZE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT

About $14,000,000 Bigger Than It Was This Time Last Month.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The statement of the public debt shows the debt, less cash in the treasury on Jan. 31 to have been $1,007,008,317, an increase for the month of $14,078,735. This increase is accounted for by the redemption of $9,586,000 in matured Pacific railroad bonds which will be held as a debt against the company, and the interest payments for the month, which amounted to $6,764,036—which reduced the cash in the treasury that much. The debt proper, independent of the cash on hand, was increased during the month by $2,120,776, which is chargeable to the increase in the amount of national bank notes outstanding.

The debt is classified as follows: Interest bearing debt, $847,364,750; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,382,930; debt bearing no interest, $374,622,057; total, $1,223,370,737. The cash is classified as follows: Gold, $182,387,121; silver, $513,736,348; paper, $144,492,197; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., $17,938,241; total, $858,553,910, against which there are demand liabilities outstanding amounting to $643,191,490, which leaves a net cash balance in the treasury of $215,362,420.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The comparative statement of the government receipts and expenditures shows the total receipts during January to have been $24,816,994, and the expenditures $30,269,389. This leaves a deficit for the month of $5,952,395, and for the seven months of the present fiscal year a deficit of $43,854,792. The deficit for the same seven months of last year was $18,686,377.

MRS. CAREW SENTENCED TO DIE.

Convicted at Yokohama of Poisoning Her Husband with Arsenic.

Yokohama, Feb. 2.—[Copyrighted, 1897, by the Associated Press.]—Mrs. L. Carew, who has been on trial here since Jan. 5, charged with causing the death of her husband, Walter Raymond Carew, secretary of the Yokohama United club, by the administration of arsenic, has been found guilty and was yesterday sentenced to death. The jury was only out half an hour. The sentence is subject to revision by the British minister. The summing up of the judge was against the prisoner. The prosecution of Mary Jacobs, the nursery governess, who was arrested Jan. 10 on suspicion of being the mysteriously veiled woman who figured in the case, has been dropped.

The trial attracted much attention on account of the prominence of Mr. and Mrs. Carew in social circles here and because of the similarity of some features of the case to the famous Maybrick trial, which resulted in the sentencing of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, an American, to imprisonment for life in England. The court held twenty-one sessions for the trial of Mrs. Carew.

Miners' Union Bought Guns.

Leadville, Col., Feb. 2.—The testimony before the legislative committee appointed to investigate the Leadville miner's strike discloses that the minutes of the union for last June show no record that the strike was ordered. The officers claim that the records of the meeting which ordered it are lost. The records show that rifles and revolvers were purchased and paid for by the union and distributed among the members, some of whom were deputy sheriffs.

Senator For Washington Nominated.

Olympia, Wash. Jan. 29.—George F. Turner, of Spokane, was last night nominated for United States senator in a caucus of Populists and free silver Republicans. He received 54 votes. Judge Turner has been a Republican, but in the late election he supported Bryan.

Trevelyan Quits Parliament.

London, Feb. 1.—Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, (Radical), secretary for Scotland in the cabinet of Lord Roseberry, has resigned his seat in parliament on account of ill health.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.

Money on call nominally 1½@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 3@4 per cent.; sterling exchange was heavy, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486½@486¾ for demand and 484½@484¾ for sixtd days; posted rates, 485@485½ and 487½@488; commercial bills, 483.

Silver certificates, sales $5,000 at 64¾; bar silver, 64¾c. Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, (new) 122¾; do coupons, 122¾ ex-int.; 5's registered, 113¾; do. coupons, 113¾ ex-int.; 4's registered, 111½; do. coupons, 112½; 2's registered, 96; Pacific 6's of '98, 103½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 74c, closed 74c; July, opened 70¾c, closed 71c; September, opened 69½c, closed 70. Corn—May, opened 24c, closed 24¼c; July, opened 25c, closed 25¼c; September, opened 23½c, closed 23¾c. Oats—February, opened 15¾c, closed 15¾c; May, opened 17¾c, closed 17¾c; July, opened 18¼c, closed 18¼c. Pork—May, opened $7.75, closed $7.77½c. Lard—May, opened $3.97½, closed $3.95.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb.; extra dairy, 17c per lb.; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 14c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@12½c per lb.; chickens (hens), 7@7½c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 8@11c; geese, 6@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 25@27c per bu.; Hebrons, 22@24c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 10@12c per lb; extracted, 6@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 50c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 41,000; sales ranged at $3.25@3.57½ pigs, $3.35@3.57½ choice to extra, $3.20@3.30 rough packing, $3.32½@3.55 mixed, and $3.35@3.50 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15000; quotations ranged at $4.90@5.35 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.45@4.90 good to choice do., $3.80@4.40 fair to good, $3.60@4.05 common to medium do., $3.50@3.90 butchers' steers, $3.00@3.60 stockers, $3.35@4.05 feeders, $1.75@2.70 cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $3.80@4.20 Texas steers, and $3.75@4.00 veal calves.

Sheep and lambs—Estimated receipts for he day, 18,000; sales ranged at $2.40@3.85 western, $2.25@3.80 Texans, $2.00@3.90 natives and $3.50@5.20 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 1.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 73c; No. 1 northern, 77c; May, 74½c. Corn—No. 3, 19½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18½@19c. Barley—No. 2, 35½c; samples, 25@32c. Rye—No. 1, 32c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 1.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 82c asked; track, 85@88c; No. hard cash, 74c; May, 81½c asked. Corn—No. 2 cash, 19½c; May, 21½@c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 16½c bid; May, 19½c bid. Rye—Nominal; 33½c track.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Feb. 1.

Wheat—Cash white, 85½c bid; cash red, 85½c bid; May, 86½c; July, 74½c.

1897 FEBRUARY. 1897

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28						

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Jan. 27.

The Missouri river is frozen solid at Council Bluffs.

A sleigh with forty on board drove into a quarry at Pemberton, Pa., and twenty persons were more or less seriously hurt.

George R. Lash, defaulting city recorder of Pendleton, Ore., who pleaded guilty, has been sentenced to three and a half years in the penitentiary and fined $4,000.

The National Woman Suffrage association is holding its annual convention at Des Moines, Ia., Miss Susan B. Anthony presiding.

The officials and employes of the Postal Telegraph and Cable company at Chicago have raised $2,000 for the relief of the deserving poor.

Thursday, Jan. 28.

Lieutenant Governor Northcott, of Illinois, is sick with the grip at his home in Greenville.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, who is visiting Europe in the interest of bimetallism, has left London for Paris.

A boiler exploded at Mexico, Mo., killing Sterling Brown and fatally injuring his brother, John Brown.

Attorneys for Arthur Duestrow, condemned to death at St. Louis, make serious charges against the Missouri supreme court. They allege, in effect, that the state's prosecutor wrote the opinion of the court affirming the conviction of their client.

The failed First National bank, of Holidaysburg, Pa., will resume with 100 per cent. new capital stock.

Present immigration to the United States amounts to nearly 1,000 a day.

Friday, Jan. 29.

Snow is 8 inches deep at New York and has tied up Boston's street car lines.

The fire at Cincinnati yesterday morning destroyed the Schwill & Co. malt house and Overman and Schrader's cordage warerooms. Loss, about $250,000.

John Wanamaker is going to build a church at Philadelphia to celebrate the escape of his store from being destroyed by fire Tuesday.

A second exhibition of motors and machine tools will be held in Munich June 11 to Oct. 10, 1898, in which the manufacturers of all countries are invited to exhibit.

James R. Hawkins, proprietor of the R. F. Hawkins Iron works, bridge builders, at Springfield, Mass., has failed. Liabilities, $200,000; assets about the same.

Princess de Chimay has quarreled with her gypsy lover, Rigo, and has left him.

Saturday, Jan. 30.

The Woman's Suffrage convention at Des Moines, Ia., has re-elected Susan B. Anthony president.

The officials of the Japanese legation at St. Petersburg confirm the report that the plague has broken out in the island of Formosa.

Henry Snyder, conductor, of Rochester, and Trainman George Craston were killed on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg road five miles west of Leroy, N. Y. Fireman M. McLain, of Rochester, was injured, probably fatally.

The present officers of the National Association of Manufacturers were re-elected. John C. Spencer, of Wisconsin, is on the executive committee.

Willard Colton, 45 years old, of 114 Sibley street, Cleveland, O., shot and almost instantly killed his wife, Clarissa, aged 52, and shot himself in the head, dying in a short time.

Monday, Feb. 1

Charles May and Walter Rice, prisoners in the county jail at St. Joseph, Mo., had a fight and both men are dangerously wounded.

The grand jury at Louisville has found indictments against a large number of city officers for boodlery of various sorts.

Jones, the American arrested in England for a big swindle at New York, says he has documents to prove that he has repaid one-half his stealings on an agreement that he was not to be prosecuted.

James C. Gill, secretary of the state senate of North Dakota, was taken with spasmodic contraction of the heart Saturday and died two hours later.

Edward W. Perry, murderer of the Sawyer family—father, mother and son—was hanged at Ava, Mo., Saturday.

A legislative committee consisting of two senators and three representatives has begun to investigate the Leadville, Colo., strike.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 34, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

AN IDEAL BACHELOR.

A WRITER WHO UNDERTAKES TO TELL ALL ABOUT HIM.

How He Must Dress and the Rules of Conduct He Must Observe to Be Classed as a "Complete Bachelor"—His Manner With Ladies and Servants.

There are those who would say that a bachelor has no business to be complete; that it is the duty of every young man to marry at the earliest practicable moment and so give over the selfish joys of bachelorhood. But as long as young men in their lamentable desire to be comfortable refuse to look at the matter in that light there is need that they should be duly instructed in the properties of their position, and what better instructor could they have than the anonymous genius who writes of things "As Seen by Him" in that very fashionable publication, Vogue? It is he who tells them what "the complete bachelor" should be, and if they are wise they will listen to his words. All the contingencies which arise in the social life of the bachelor are duly considered. First, there is the matter of his public manners, in which many men who regard themselves as well bred are woefully deficient. They will smoke in the street, keep women standing on corners while they talk to them, sit while women are standing, carry sticks or umbrellas at offensive angles, stare women out of countenance at theaters or hotels, and in general make nuisances of themselves. Now, a bachelor who will do any of these things is wretchedly incomplete.

Then comes the question of clothes. Nothing more distinguishes the gentleman than what he wears. Nor is it enough, as many do, to be nice in the matter of gloves, shoes or cravats and owe large sums to the tailor. Dressing is not so much a matter of money as a matter of taste. After a man has put his wardrobe in proper condition he may get along remarkably well on a very small yearly sum. Our author does not disdain to give economical hints, to tell how the tailor around the corner will do perfectly well some things for which the "swell" tailor would charge roundly, to explain how to get out of a suit the utmost possible service. Such things are beneath no man's attention, though he be a genius or a millionaire. Until the art of dressing properly is understood, the moral progress of society will remain an idle dream. We need not add that the man who wears a "made tie" belongs in the outer darkness of barbarism. It is gratifying also to note that the use of the Tuxedo, or house coat, is earnestly recommended. Since every complete bachelor will invariably dress for dinner, he will find in the Tuxedo an economical and easy substitute for the more rigorous full dress coat, and one that can be worn not only at home, but in informal companies of gentlemen and at the theater or in a public restaurant. We note that our author speaks a good word for the black tie with a Tuxedo, though he does not absolutely bar a white one. This is a question upon which no thoroughly satisfactory ruling has ever been made. For our own part, we think that those occasions whereon a man feels a white tie incumbent also demand a "swallor tail" coat.

The toilet is not less important than the dress. Scrupulous care in this respect is certainly the mark of a complete bachelor. That a man should take his tub every morning goes without saying. At the same time there is no need to insist upon the rigor of the game and say that the water shall be cold. Tepid water is best. "Every man should learn to shave himself." These are golden words. A barber is occasionally necessary no doubt, but there is something offensive to refined sensibilities in the picture of a long row of men in chairs having a part of their toilet performed. Our author says nothing of the habit of having boots blacked in the street, justly regarding it as one so bad as to be unspeakable. Patent tooth powders, washes, pomatums and nostrums of every kind are condemned without reserve. This, too, shows good sense. The care of toilet articles is rightly insisted upon. A man cannot be a complete bachelor unless he is welling to take some trouble. The custom of wearing the hair long is disapproved.

No point is too minute for the consideration of this thoughtful writer. The etiquette of cards is a matter upon which lamentable ignorance is often displayed, and in calling and dining out there are those who show the lack of breeding. The practice of grasping or squeezing the hand of a lady is (barring exceptional circumstances) unadvisable. "A man removes his glove from his right hand on entering the drawing room, and holds this, with his stick and hat, in his left. The hat should be at an angle, the top about level with his nose." This is important. But something more than mere politeness is required of the complete bachelor. His goodness of heart will come out in his treatment of his servants. Though he must "exercise an iron will," he must also "encourage them now and then by a kind word." And once in awhile they must have a holiday or some cast off clothing. They, in their turn, should be "noiseless and automatic." Such things too many young men forget. With this book, however, they cannot go very far astray. They can learn how to behave at dances and at country houses and at clubs. If it be objected that on these subjects gentlemen do not need instruction, the retort is obvious. Persons who are not gentlemen have their ambitions and frequently try to become complete bachelors. And since this is so, let us be grateful for the mentor who is able to give them so much excellent advice. — Providence Journal.

The father of biography was Plutarch. Critics are generally agreed that the model biography is that of Johnson, by Boswell.

HE GOT THE MILK.

A Story Showing the Sympathy and Simplicity of Professor Child.

Twenty years ago the writer, with her 8-year-old child, was on her way to Washington in midwinter. Instead of reaching that beautiful city early in the morning, as was expected, the train was stalled in the night by a terrible blizzard. After the height of the storm was over it took hours to dig away the heavy snow that buried, not only the rails, but the whole world apparently. Slowly and laboriously the locomotive crept on, and we were still 200 miles from Washington when the church clock struck 8 in a village where we halted. Men jumped up to see if there were time to get a cup of coffee; nervous and anxious women clamored for tea, and I cried with the rest, "Oh, if only I could get a glass of milk for my little girl!" "Impossible," said the brakeman, who was passing through the car; "we shan't be here but a minute."

Paying no heed to his words, a gentleman of striking appearance, whose fine face and head I had been silently studying, hurriedly left the car and disappeared upon the snowy platform. "He'll get left," sneered the brakeman.

The train moved on, feeling its way through the huge white banks on both sides. The gentleman had evidently been traveling alone, for no one seemed anxious because he did not come back. The cars were hardly in full swing, however, when he jumped aboard, a little out of breath, dusted with snow, but self possessed and calm, holding carefully a tall glass of milk, which he gave to the wee girl beside me. My stammered thanks for such unexpected kindness from an unknown traveler he brushed away with a wave of his hand. "But the glass?" I insisted, knowing it could not be returned, as we were now thundering onward. "Is yours, madam," he replied, settling himself into his seat, paying no more attention to us. But later in the course of the dreary forenoon he motioned to the little lass to come to him, which she willingly did. He lifted her to his side, and with his arm round her she cuddled up against him, and for two hours he whispered stories into her ear, so low that no one else could hear, but the delight of which was reflected in her dancing eyes and smiling lips.

At Baltimore the stranger disappeared, and a gentleman across the passage from us leaned over and said, "Do you know who has been entertaining your child so charmingly, as indeed only he could?" "I haven't the faintest idea." "Professor Francis J. Child."

So many years have flown since then that the little lass herself writes stories now—perhaps faraway echoes of those she heard that wintry day when Professor Child made summer in her heart, but the tall, thick depot tumbler still stands on the high shelf of the cupboard, too sacred for any use, save as a memento of the kindly chivalry of a great man to a little child.—Atlantic's Contributors' Club.

AN INFANT TERRIBLE.

She Made a Man Blush and the Girls Giggle.

"Literal children, or, more properly, children who take your chiding literally, are holy terrors," relates a young man noted for his politeness to ladies. "I was in a herdic the other day which was much crowded, though no one was standing at the time. Presently a lady and gentleman got in, and I gave my seat to the lady, leaving the old gentleman standing. Immediately a young lady sitting in one end of the herdic called to her little sister, a child of 6 perhaps, who was sitting near the door at the other end, to come to her and give her seat to the elderly gentleman. The child came willingly enough, and while the sister was reading her a lesson in manners a passenger got out, and I took a seat. "Never let me see you remain seated again when people older than you are standing," closed the lecture, and the child was crowded, half sitting, half standing, between the older sister and the lady next to her. Two minutes later a pretty girl got in, and of course, as the only gentleman in the herdic, I gave her my seat. No sooner had I done so than that small terror was on her feet.

"Oh, mister," she said in sweet, shrill accents, "you take my seat! You's older than me." And everybody laughed, of course, trust a lot of giggling girls for that, for the only place on earth that I could have "taken a seat" was on the sister's lap, from which the child had slid. I didn't take the seat, but I did take to the street and walked five blocks in a drizzling rain to get away from the giggle of those girls.—Washington Star.

Hadrian's Wall.

Hadrian, in A. D. 120, built a stone wall from Bowness, near Carlisle, on Solway frith, to the river Tyne, near Newcastle. It was 80 miles long and garrisoned by 10,000 troops. It was from 12 to 20 feet high at various points, 8 feet thick at the top and was provided with a gallery in the rear, which enabled its defenders to take their stand with only head and shoulders visible to the enemy. At every quarter of a mile there was a castle with a garrison of troops. Beacon lights and signals were used, and on an attack, whether by day or by night, the news was at once flashed up and down the wall from sea to sea.

After the Elopement.

Artie—Darling, you have no idea how anxious I was while you were coming down the rope ladder. I was so afraid you had not fastened it securely above.

Susie—You needn't have been alarmed, dear. Papa tied the knot for me.—Detroit Free Press.

Only three weeks are required to develop a perfect mosquito from the egg.

A cubic foot of distilled water weighs very nearly 1,000 ounces.

BECOMING INDIANS.

CLAIM THAT AMERICANS ARE DEVELOPING ON THAT LINE.

Increasing Resemblance In Faces to the Aboriginal Type — A Study of Heads, With Especial Attention to the Residents of Pennsylvania.

It is an extraordinary question in anthropological science which has been propounded popularly of late. The influence of environment upon the race resident in the United States must in the course of four centuries produce certain marked and undeniable physical results. It is not generally acknowledged by American anthropologists that there is a tendency of reversion to the type indigenous to the soil. But foreign students of race, with more perspective, have offered interesting food for reflection. A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald, commenting on the assertion of the French authors that on this continent the American white man has varied toward the Indian type, offers a supporting study which is curiously fascinating—possibly vastly important.

First, the familiar faces of the caricaturists' creation are called in as witnesses. The Yankee and the southron—large and loose limbed—of these pictures are types, even as the stout, full faced John Bull is a type found in another environment. Both American favorites of the cartoonist have high cheek bones and usually excellent straight noses. These witnesses are not, of course, scientifically admissible. The faces given us by the caricature makers are impressions, not testimony.

Scientific, however, is the study offered of the Pennsylvania Germans—a happy, thrifty, frugal people, who have been subjected to American conditions for nearly two centuries, with very little intermingling with other races, much less than the English people in New England or in Virginia.

It is true that the pervasive and beguiling Irish have intermarried somewhat with these old Pennsylvania settlers, but in the main it is a very exclusive, pure blooded Palatinate stock. Data have been secured relative to a large number of school children and to adult males from 25 to 50 years of age, and many copies of portraits of original settlers. It appears that stature increases and that other important generalizations may be made, tentatively of course. The increase of finger reach is marked, and the head measures are important.

"The anthropologist places considerable value upon certain proportions or relations between measures," says the student of the subject. "Thus the length of the head and the breadth of the head, when compared, give numerical expression, which is called the cephalic index. To find it the length is divided into the breadth and the result multiplied by 100. A head one-half as wide as it is long would have an index of 50; one three-fourths as wide as long would have an index of 75; one as wide as it was long would have an index of 100. There is no race whose head is normally so wide as to have an index of 100 or so narrow as to have one of 50. The higher the index, of course, the broader and sounder the head; the lower the index, the longer and narrower the head. Germans generally are notably round headed. Topinard gives for some people of Lorraine the index of 85.3. The average index of 100 Pennsylvania Germans is 81.9, which is notably less and narrower. The heads of our northern and eastern Indians are still longer and narrower. We cannot at present make a further comparison with profit. What we have already said may prove erroneous when we learn the actual Palatinate type. We assume now that the Palatinate Germans were of medium stature, light haired, blue or light eyed, round headed, with a finger reach of 1.043. We find that the Pennsylvania German children are dark in hair and eyes, that the men are probably of increased stature, that heads appear to be lengthening, that arm reach appears to be increasing. In all these respects the Pennsylvania German varies from the assumed Palatinate type and in the direction of the Indian. If our assumption proves valid, we may claim that our evidence shows change, which, if continued, may form an Indian type from the German."

All this, it must be noted, is absolutely distinct from any of the reasons for discussing the tendency of Americans to revert to original types from the infiltration of the red Indian blood itself in the veins of the white race. From the days of the old French and Indian wars fireside tales of New England intermixture of that sort have been common enough. A recent novel has expressed the country knowledge in New England that there is an occasional "streak" from ancestry that approached New England from the west as well as that which approached it from the east across the Atlantic. In the western states and territories the great numbers of half breeds whose descendants find their way into the life of cities brings to bear a curious and unreckoned force in the development of the fiber and sinew of the race in North America.—Boston Transcript.

Salt a Luxury In Africa.

The greatest of all luxuries in central Africa is salt. To say that a man eats salt with his victuals is the same as saying that he is a rich man. Mungo Park says, "The long continued use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt that no words can sufficiently describe it."—Chicago Tribune.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps relates that once, when Longfellow was visiting her at her Gloucester home, she pointed out to him the roof of Norman's Woe and was surprised to find that, although he had wrecked the schooner Hesperus on it, he had never before seen it.

From Venice to Washington is a distance of 3,885 miles.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEETLES

Their Strange Habits, Instincts and Means of Getting Food.

You are all familiar with the common black beetle known as the tumblebug, and perhaps may have seen it rolling a ball with its hind legs, pushing it backward. The ball contains the egg of the beetle, and the creature is taking it to a place of safety.

A green beetle spotted with white is called the tiger beetle. He is a clever fellow and very cunning in his manner of securing his prey. He will dig a hole a foot in depth and then crawl to the top and form himself into a bridge across the chasm, burying his head in such a manner as to appear like something inanimate, but he will be on the alert for the unwary creature that makes an attempt to cross on his back. In an instant the bridge will give way and the prey will be precipitated into the hole. The beetle will follow and quickly dispatch the game, when he will return, reform the bridge and allure another victim.

Old fashioned furniture is often completely ruined by the larvæ of a beetle called the anobuim. A peculiar sound like the ticking of a clock is made by these beetles when they call to each other, the noise being made by striking the jaws against their resting place, and often in old houses filled with old furniture the superstitious, when they hear this peculiar sound, imagine the place to be haunted.

Another beetle is found in dark cellars, where it thrives upon dust and trash. It is so difficult to exterminate it that it is looked upon as something uncanny, and the ignorant regard its presence as an ill omen.

The sacred beetle of Egypt is not unlike our own common beetle, and the female lays her egg in the same way, wrapped in a substance which is to protect it and furnish food. She rolls it up into a ball with her fore legs, sometimes carrying it a long distance upon her head; digs a hole in the earth, deposits her egg laden ball, covers it up, and leaves it to attain its perfect development.

The sexton beetle is a curious creature. He has a thick body and powerful limbs and a most acute sense of smell. No sooner does a small animal die than the sextons gather about the body and begin to put earth upon it. In a few hours the dead animal has been covered and the beetles have laid their eggs in the carcass, which is to nourish the larvæ.

A remarkable creature is the bombardier beetle, and it is provided with a strange means of defense. It lives in a community under stones, and when disturbed discharges a fluid of a very penetrating odor, much like gas, which explodes as it comes in contact with the air and passes into vapor. Eighteen explosions can be made in succession by one bombardier, and while these are being thrown off like a volley of artillery the beetle effects its escape. The fluid is like nitric acid to the taste. It causes a sharp pain if placed upon the tongue and leaves a yellowish stain.—Our Animal Friends.

TWO CLASSES OF READERS.

Those Who Like Dickens and Those Who Adore Thackeray.

"About 15 years ago readers used to be divided roughly into two classes—those who 'liked Dickens' and those who 'adored Thackeray,'" writes the critic Droch in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Each class used to view the other with more or less contempt. Of the two the Thackeray people felt themselves considerably superior to the Dickens people. There were not so many of them, for one thing, and that in itself gave them a feeling of exclusiveness (something like the attitude assumed by George Meredith's admirers of the present day). But Thackeray's complete works for $3.99 rapidly abolished the aristocracy. Artificial barriers do not long count for much with a great writer.

"You no doubt very soon found out that in certain moods there was nothing more satisfying to you than 'Pendennis,' and at another time the best novel that you ever read was 'David Copperfield.' I have no doubt that in the long run deep in your heart you will cherish a finer affection for the one than the other. That is a matter of temperament and your surroundings. The one you like best fits best into your life as you are making it. You will discover that a change of scene or occupation often brings you into sympathy with a writer whom you never before appreciated. A great sorrow will sometimes reveal George Eliot to you; a little journey in England will show you new beauties in Trollope; a wave of war feeling in Europe and people begin rereading Tolstoi's 'War and Peace.'"

Mysteries of Helium.

As further experiments are carried with the new gas called helium—which was recognized in the sun before it had been found on the earth—the more remarkable it appears. Many chemists believe it consists of two gases, yet they have not been able satisfactorily to divide it. Professor Ramsay, one of its discoverers, has failed in every attempt to make it enter into a chemical combination. Lord Rayleigh has found that it possesses by far the lowest refractivity ever observed in any gas, and surprise is expressed at the astonishing distances traversed by electric sparks in darting through helium.

Reparation.

John Butts, Sr.—I want to leave my property to my two sons—one-tenth to my youngest son, John Butts, and nine-tenths to my eldest son, Royal Chesterfield Chauncey de Peyster Butts.

Family Lawyer—H'm! Do you think that's quite fair?

John Butts, Sr.—Yes. I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a crack jaw name.—London Tit-Bits.

SONG.

I would that my love were a lily fair
And I would that I were a sunbeam bold,
Still to be dressing her flowery hair
All day long with my airy gold.

Or would that she were the dew that lies
In th' rose and I the rose tree were,
To fold my red leaves over her eyes
And make my sweetness a part of her.

Would I were a breeze that is where it will
And she a leaf in some lonely place,
How I would cling to her, sing to her, till
She gathered me up in her green embrace.

Or would that she were a fawn so gay
And I within some lowly bed
Where oft her silvery feet would stray
And dimple the turf above me spread.

Nay, leave th' sunbeam the light that's his
And leave the lily her airy gold,
And give me my maiden, just as she is,
To kiss and sing to, to keep and hold!

—New York Ledger.

A LAD WITHOUT GUILE.

How Grant Impressed His Comrades as a West Point Cadet.

"He was a lad without guile," testifies General Longstreet. "I never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. He was a boy of good native ability, although by no means a hard student. So perfect was his sense of honor that, in the numerous cabals which were often formed, his name was never mentioned, for he never did anything which could be subject for criticism or reproach. He soon became the most daring horseman in the academy." He had a way of solving problems out of rule by the application of good, hard sense, and Rufus Ingalls ends by saying: "When our school days were over, if the average opinion of the members of the class had been taken, every one would have said: 'There is Sam Grant. He is a splendid fellow, a good, honest man, against whom nothing can be said and from whom everything may be expected.'"

One of the keenest observers in his class, for a year his roommate, perceived more in him than his instructors. "He had the most scrupulous regard for truth. He never held his word light. He never said an untruthful word even in jest.

"He was a reflective mind and at times very reticent and somber. Something seemed working deep down in his thoughts—things he knew as little about as we. There would be days, even weeks, at a time when he would be silent and somber—not morose. He was a cheerful man, and yet he had these moments when he seemed to feel some premonition of a great future—wondering what he was to do and what he was to become. He was moved by a very sincere motive to join the Dialectic society, which was the only literary society we had. I did not belong, but Grant joined while we were roommates, with the aim to improve in his manner of expressing himself."—McClure's.

Unauthentic Portraits of Franklin.

It seems the height of absurdity to look upon the so called "Sumner Portrait of Franklin at Twenty," belonging to Harvard university, as an authentic portrait. Where did Franklin, who was grubbing for funds to carry him home at the time this picture is supposed to have been painted, get the money for the "purple and fine linen" in which he is arrayed, let alone to pay the artist for his work? Aside from Franklin's circumstances being against its authenticity, his "Autobiography" is silent upon so important a subject as this portrait, and its history is purely mythical.

Another picture that has no better claim to be considered a likeness of Benjamin Franklin hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and was painted by Stephen Elmer, an English still life painter. There is nothing to show that it was given the name of Franklin until 1824, when a plate engraved by Ryder and published in 1782, as "The Politician," was relettered and issued with the name of Franklin.

The last picture to be mentioned in this expurgatorial list is of the first importance as a work of art. It was painted by Thomas Gainsborough and is in the collection of the Marquis of Landsdowne, but it is clearly not Benjamin Franklin. It is, in my opinion, the portrait of Governor William Franklin.—Charles Henry Hart in McClure's Magazine.

The First Steam Power.

The power of steam was known to Hero of Alexandria, who exhibited what seems from the description to have been a small steam engine to Ptolemy Philadelphus and his court about 150 B. C. Pliny describes a small boat, built by a "magician" of Rome, which moved by means of a wheel, "driven by a pot of hot water." Watt's invention of a rotary steam engine was patented in 1769. The first railway locomotive was built by Trevithick in 1804. The first practical locomotive was perfected by Stephenson in 1829. As early as 1707 Denys Papin built a model of a steamboat, which was destroyed by a mob of boatmen. The first practical steamboat was built by William Symington in 1802. In 1803 Robert Fulton, in connection with Chancellor Livingston, built a steamboat which was tried on the Seine. In 1807 the Clermont began trips from New York to Albany.

A Discreet Estimate.

"Papa," said young Mrs. Hunker, "won't you please give George and me $10,000?"

"What do you want that much money for?"

"We want to build a $5,000 house."—Harlem Life.

Did Him a Favor.

Pedestrian (to footpad)—Money or my life, is it? I was wondering how I was going to live through this week. Now I won't have to. Very kind of you. Shoot away.—Boston Transcript.

The willow is one of the most adaptable of plants. A willow switch stuck in the wet ground will almost inavriably take root and become a tree.

In ten days a letter from New York will be delivered in Brussels.

MILITARY SCIENCE.

Simplified Fortifications, Bicycles and Automatic Guns Are Modern Features.

It seems to be the general opinion among United States army officers that the development of military science in the immediate future will be in the direction of simplified fortifications, greater utilization of the bicycle and the extended use of some form of automatic gun. The modern army engineer sees little use in raising great mounds of earth such as used to be done when hasty and even permanent works were needed. The bigger the earthwork the greater the mark for the enemy's guns. A hole in the ground has been the theoretical formula for fort building, and now that we possess fieldpieces with disappearing carriages it can be practically carried out. A gun that is capable of rising out of an innocent looking hole, pouring forth great volleys of death dealing bullets and then sinking out of sight, leaving hardly a trace of its presence and certainly nothing to fire at, is formidable enough to invest the new theory with all needful logic. It would be to an enemy what the hollow road near Waterloo was to the cuirassiers of Napoleon.

The rifle of the future will be the automatic rifle. This is the conclusion of military men not only of this, but of other countries. General Wille, a German army expert on the subject of firearms, says decisively that it will ultimately be the rifle in general use by the armies of the world. Its particular point of merit is its capacity for doing away with the mechanical operation of loading. In effect it does its own loading, leaving the soldier free to attend to the business of firing, thus concentrating his attention on his opponent and rendering his aim surer.

As pointed out by General Wille, the force of the recoil of the automatic gun is employed for charging and closing the breech, and the firer has only to let off the shot in order again to load the weapon, so that the number of shots discharged without an effort is precisely the same as the total contents of the magazine. The only comparatively weak part of the automatic gun lies in its springs, but, as they have been found after tests made in Austria to withstand the wear and tear of from 10,000 to 14,000 discharges, this does not count for much.—New York Sun.

ROYAL HUNT TOMFOOLERY.

What It Costs to Maintain the Famous Sport.

A year or two ago, says the editor of London Truth, I took up the matter of the royal buckhounds, for I have always thought that anything with less of the redeeming feature of sport than to cart a tame deer to some spot, turn it out, hunt it with dogs, and, having hunted it down, put it back in its cart for another day's "sport" cannot well be conceived. When I was engaged in this crusade, I received many letters assuring me that the deer like being pursued by dogs, although how the animals conveyed their singular idea of pleasure to the writers of the letters was not explained to me. Now that the bishops have joined the crusade, we may hope that the cruel tomfoolery of this royal hunt will soon cease.

The country pays the costs. The salary of the master of the buckhounds (£1,200 per annum) is always enjoyed by a nobleman, the occupant of the post changing with a change of ministers. Besides this there are salaries to huntsmen, whips and others, the purchase and keep of horses and hounds, etc. I should suppose that the total outlay must be about £3,000 per annum. This is defrayed, it is true, from the civil list. But when the amount needed to maintain the sovereign was investigated in order to arrive at the total necessary, this expenditure was included in the estimate.

It is suggested by the bishops that the quarry should cease to be deer and should henceforward be a red herring. But the idea, as an attribute of majesty, of the sovereign keeping a lot of dogs to run after a red herring is childish.

Grant Drilling the Home Militia.

Grant left West Point in midsummer and spent his furlough in Bethel and Georgetown. He was invited by the officers of the militia to drill the troops at "general muster," which took place at Russelsville during August of 1844.

William Wilson and Peter Wamax are two of the few witnesses living who remember the splendid occasion.

It impressed itself ineffaceably on young Wilson's mind because it seemed wonderful, even revolutionary, to see a young lad such as Cadet Grant looked, ordering the pompous old officers about. "He looked very young, very slender and very pale.

"He was dressed in a long blue coat, with big epaulets and big brass buttons, and his trousers seemed to be white, though they may have been a light gray. He wore a cap and a red sash around his waist, and he rode his horse in fine style.

"I was particularly struck with his voice—that is, his way of using it. The old men barked out their commands. You couldn't tell what they said. Noise seemed to be their idea of command, but Grant's voice was clear and calm and cut across the parade ground with great precision. It was rather high in pitch, but it was trained. I could tell that, though I was only a boy."—Hamlin Garland in McClure's Magazine.

The Circle County.

The oddest shaped county among the 3,000 which go to make up the separate divisions of the various states is Warren county, Tenn. It lies almost exactly in the geographical center of the state mentioned and is about as near a perfect circle as any division of land could possibly be. The circle would be perfect but for the fact that there is a short stretch of the northern boundary line which follows a small stream for a short distance. It is bounded by Cannon, DeKalb, Coffee, Grundy, Van Buren and White counties and is in no way remarkable except in shape.—St. Louis Republic.

KATRINKA.

Katrinka, fresh as the morning,
Gazed from her casement low
Far off the great sailed windmills
Stood darkly in a row,
And the sky with the changing splendor
Of dawn was all aglow.

"I wonder," thought the maiden,
Thrilled with the glorious sight,
"If all the beauty around us
And all the love and delight
Comes flooding the earth at sunrise
To bide with us day and night.

"I wonder if all the goodness
That makes us steady and true
Glides softly in with the dawning
To gladden us through and through—
To lift our hearts to the Giver
And help us in all we do.

"Yet, whether we lose it or keep it,
Depends upon many a thing—
Whether we're lazy or busy
Whether we grumble or sing.
Whether our thoughts are noble,
Or whether they grovel and sting.

"Oh, the wonderful sky!" sighed Katrinka.
"How grand! But the day has begun.
There's breakfast and spinning and mending,
And kettles to shine—one by one.
Goodby, you dear, beautiful morning!
There's so much to do; I must run."

Bright little maiden, Katrinka,
In the land of the dyke and the sea.
They who live in the glow of the dawning
Are, all the world over, like thee.
Bearers of sunlight and gladness,
Faithful in shadow and sadness—
The path of the day is diviner
Wherever their light may be.
—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge in St. Nicholas.

A ROYAL FLIGHT.

The great winter palace by the Zatun Zee was filled with guests. A few months before Augustus, the young elector of Inselsland, had been betrothed to the Princess Irene, the only daughter of the margrave of Hesselstadt and the margravine, an astute politician who had brought about the match had arranged that he should entertain a large party of relatives for Christmas at the magnificent Zatunhof, which had been untenanted since the early days of his minority.

A week had passed, and the margravine had begun to doubt the wisdom of her plan in throwing the young people so much together before their marriage, for the elector, an earnest and conscientious sovereign and a man who hid an extreme sensitiveness and deep affection beneath a reserved demeanor, proved himself but a lukewarm lover, while the princess seemed utterly indifferent to his presence.

One afternoon the Princess Irene stood upon the terrace of the Italian garden overlooking the lake, upon the frozen surface of which the winter sun was casting long rays of crimson light. She looked eagerly among the groups of skaters and then at the open tent, where her mother and her ladies were sitting round a flaming brazier. An expression of intense disappointment crossed her pretty face; then she smiled contemptuously, and when her skates had been fastened by an attendant said indifferently to her lady in waiting, the Countess von Vogel, "Have you seen the elector?" But her fingers were nervously closing and unclosing upon a little note hidden in her muff.

"No, madame," the countess replied, looking inquiringly at her mistress. "I heard that a dispatch had come from the capital, and probably"— But the princess had glided over to her mother, to whom she repeated her question.

The margravine looked anxiously at her daughter, but answered her lightly: "You must not be too exacting, Irene. The prime minister arrived after luncheon, and Augustus is probably deep in politics."

"His serene highness is not skating this afternoon," said a handsome young man standing behind the margravine's chair. "There is a question of a new tax to be settled, I believe."

The princess smiled brightly. "More taxes," she cried, "in this weather? There will be a revolution. What a pity," she added to her mother, turning the hidden note in her fingers, "that Augustus should lose this afternoon! The ice is in splendid condition, Baron Hederich," turning to the young man who had spoken. "Will you teach me that new figure you were describing yesterday?"

Baron Hederich von Egidy bowed, and, slipping on his skates, joined the princess. They passed among the other skaters, and after several turns gradually made their way to a remote part of the lake until at length they stopped beneath the shadow cast by overhanging trees that grew down to the water's edge. They had scarcely spoken, and now there was a silence which Baron Hederich broke, his hitherto courtierlike manner giving way to the tone and bearing of a lover.

"Did my note reach you, madame?" he asked softly in French, taking her hand.

"Yes, the Countess von Vogel was a trusty messenger," the princess replied, frowning. But she did not withdraw her hand.

"Then—then I may still have hope?"

"Hope! Where would your hopes lead you?" she asked coldly, taking the note from her muff and tearing it into little pieces and scattering them on the ice.

"Beyond the limits of audacity," he answered, smiling into her eyes, "for I can scarcely believe that you would discourage me—now."

Again there was silence, the princess skating in widening circles round and round a twig frozen in the ice, like a homing pigeon that hesitates to alight upon the cot. Suddenly above their heads came the sound of an ax being struck fiercely upon a tree, the ring of the metal vibrating through the still air. "Shall we skate on?" Baron Hederich asked, still in French, as the broad shoulders of a peasant showed for a moment between the trunks of the trees.

"No!" the princess replied decidedly, a bright color flaming in her cheeks. "It is much safer here, and besides," she added meaningly, "he will not understand."

"Irene!" cried the baron, raising her hand to his lips! "My darling!"

"Oh, I am already weary of my bondage!" said the princess, ignoring his caress. But her voice to the baron seemed louder than was its wont. "I am only a human chattel to be handed over to the highest bidder—a creature to be sacrificed to political expedient—a puppet to be made to marry, and to die, perhaps, at the bidding of a statesman."

"Then let me free you," cried Baron Hederich passionately. "The elector neglects you, even before he marries you. To me, who have loved you madly for three years, your future seems a living death. Think"—

"I have thought, I have thought, and—I want love, to give love, to be loved. If a woman has made a man's life happy, whether he be prince or peasant, she has not lived in vain, and I—but how can I expect love—I whose marriage has been made, not ordained?"

"By making my life happy, Irene," whispered the baron, "a love song to the end. Ever since I joined your father's suit I have loved no other woman save yourself. But I have never dared to speak until we came to Zatun and I thought you seemed to care for me."

The princess shivered. "But how is it possible?" she murmured.

"Tonight," replied the baron, "a carriage will be waiting outside the private entrance to the palace, near which, you know, there are no sentries, and the men at the outer gates will be told the prime minister is returning suddenly to the city. If you can arrange to leave at midnight, we can catch the train for Paris at a small station outside Elbersdorf, where I shall be waiting for you, and then, Irene"—

"I understand," said the princess slowly. "I am to sacrifice everything."

"If you will have it so, yes," he answered, with an odd narrowing of his eyelids. "But you gain what you crave—love."

The princess looked up the bank. "Yes," she cried suddenly as she saw the glint of the peasant's blue dress through the trees, "yes. No sacrifice is too great for love. I will be at the private entrance at midnight."

"And then for Paris—and happiness," whispered the baron as they skated away.

When they were out of sight, a man in peasant dress slipped down the bank, and, carefully collecting the fragments of the note the Princess Irene had torn and flung upon the ice, placed them in a little book which he had taken from a pocket in his blouse.

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The Princess Irene of Hesselstadt had never been in such brilliant spirits as upon that evening, and the young elector hovered about her chair in a corner of the great white drawing room after dinner with an almost loverlike fondness. But she turned from him with an indifference that became so marked that the margravine in despair asked her to sing. Waving aside a lady in waiting, who rose to accompany her, the princess sat down at the piano and ran her fingers, flashing with jewels, lightly over the keys.

Raising her eyes from the keyboard for a moment, a malicious smile crossed her face. By a strange coincidence the elector and Baron Hederich were facing her, standing together beneath a pier glass, in which she saw the backs of their heads reflected. "Their characters are written upon a square of looking glass," she said to herself as she noted the almost massive proportions of the elector's head standing out in sharp contrast with the alert poise of that of the baron.

Then she began to sing—to sing with a passion and a meaning that were unmistakable, Grieg's love song, "Ich liebe dich," her eyes more than once meeting the baron's as the refrain rang through the lofty chamber. The margravine moved uneasily in her carved oak chair, feeling conscious that a mystery was on foot which even her astuteness could not fathom, and when the song ceased there was a significant silence which the elector himself broke by leading the applause.

"The princess sings well," he remarked to the baron meaningly.

"Yes, sir," the baron answered, looking him full in the face, "and with great feeling and true expression."

For a moment the eyes of the two men met, the elector's inquiringly, the baron's contemptuously, yet with a lurking fear in their depths.

"You are an excellent critic, baron," the elector said slowly. "Her serene highness sings with true feeling, as you say. But it is not always wise to express our feelings in public." Then he joined the group gathered around the princess.

To Hederich von Egidy the brilliance and warmth of the superb room where the court was gathered suddenly grew gray and cold. A moment before, intoxicated by the acquiescence of the princess in a scheme ambition alone had prompted, and not the love he had so fervently protested, he had allowed his gratified vanity to betray him. For a moment he stood irresolute beneath the glowing candles on the pier glass, prudence counseling the abandonment of the elopement, ambition urging its attempt. Prudence had conquered when the Countess von Vogel came up to him, and, whispering, "At the private entrance at 12 tonight," began to talk of irrelevant matters. Baron Hederich's courage returned, and catching a glimpse of his handsome face and superb figure in its tight fitting uniform in the mirror his optimistic dreams of his future as the husband of the Princess Irene returned.

"Even if the margrave refuses to support us," he thought, "Irene is rich, and once her husband"— But the countess was asking him a question and his pleasant reflections were interrupted.

The clock in the great square of the Zatunhof had scarcely struck midnight when two veiled and cloaked figures crept through the small door of the private entrance to the palace and as silently entered the waiting carriage which was drawn up in the shadow of the portico. The wheels moved noiselessly over the thick snow, but the rattle of the horses' harness filled the two women with alarm. "We shall be discovered," whispered the countess as the sentry stopped the carriage at the bronze gates of the outer court. "We shall be discovered."

For answer the Princess Irene placed her hand over the trembling woman's mouth and dragged her back into the shadow. "His excellency Prince Schaumann is recalled to Elbersdorf," said the coachman. The sentry hesitated, and the countess almost screamed with terror.

"The password?" the soldier shouted. But before the coachman could reply a ray of light from the guardhouse fell upon the carriage door.

"Pass!" cried the sentry, saluting as he saw the royal arms upon the panel. The massive doors opened slowly, and the carriage rolled swiftly into the snow clad country.

Mile after mile slipped away, and the cold grew more intense. Twice the horses slipped and twice the countess implored her mistress to return. But the princess maintained an absolute silence until, as they were nearing their destination, she said, "I wonder what we shall do if we miss the train?"

"Pray God that we do," moaned the countess from her corner. "I have been a fool."

"No," said the princess, touching her hand, "you have been an angel, for perhaps you have given me happiness instead of a crown." But the countess could not see an odd little smile that played about the princess' mouth.

The frost was so thickly incrusted on the carriage windows that they had no idea they were near the railway station until the horses drew up with a jerk. Muffling themselves closely in their furs, they hurried to the little waiting room, which was empty save for a peasant, whose face was hidden by the lappets of a large fur cap, and who was carefully inspecting the advertisements with which the room was hung. After a few moments of breathless silence, during which the countess could not repress her violent trembling, Baron Hederich von Egidy entered hurriedly, a rush of cold air following him.

"Ah, I have kept you waiting!" he cried, clasping the princess' hands in both his own and frowning at the peasant who stood with his back to them. "My horse fell, and I was delayed. How good of you, Irene! How shall I ever prove my gratitude to you for your sacrifice?"

"By taking the train for Paris, baron, that is due in ten minutes and remaining in that pleasant city," said a voice behind them. And, turning, they both recognized in the peasant the elector of Inselland.

Von Egidy started back with an oath, but the princess made a profound courtesy, saying mockingly, "Since when has your serene highness added the role of detective to your many accomplishments?"

"Since I have found it necessary to protect my honor and yours, madame," was the answer, and the princess flushed and bit her lip.

There was a painful silence, only broken by the unrestrained sobbing of the countess. The baron fidgeted with the cap he had taken off when he recognized the elector and threw imploring glances at the princess, whose eyes were resolutely fixed upon the floor, but her lips were smiling. The elector regarded the baron with open contempt.

"The carriage is waiting," he said at length, offering his arm to the princess, but turning to Baron Hederich she said, "What do you advise one to do?"

"I think, madame, that you had—better return," replied the baron weakly, and to his bewildered mind it seemed that her smiling face was not that of a woman whose brightest hopes had suddenly been shattered.

"Ah, baron," replied the princess amiably, "your advice is sounder than your protestations, I fear!" But a sting lay behind her words, and Von Egidy winced.

Still smiling, the princess took the elector's arm, and the slamming of a carriage door sounding through the still air as the Paris train rumbled in the distance told the baron that his house of cards had tumbled about his feet and that he was an exile.

The return journey to Zatunhof was performed in silence, and it was only when they reached the foot of the grand staircase that the princess spoke. "Is it up or down, sir," she asked flippantly, her foot upon the lowest step, "to the deepest of your dungeons or to my apartments?"

"The Countess von Vogel will conduct you to your rooms, madame," the elector replied coldly, and bowing profoundly he disappeared down a corridor.

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The next morning a letter was brought to the elector from the Princess Irene asking for an interview, and with a grave face the young monarch immediately went to her boudoir, the Countess von Vogel leaving as he entered.

The princess rose to receive him with a shy awkwardness in her manner that he had never seen before.

"I know you must be thinking very ill of me," she said, looking away from him as he stood with his hand resting upon a table, "and now that everything is over I—I want you to know—that—that—I am not so foolish as I appear to have been."

"I am afraid that I do not grasp your meaning," the elector said coldly.

The princess moved nearer to him, and as she came into the light he saw that her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"It is very hard to tell you," she said, her voice breaking, "you are so cold, but I felt I could not leave Zatunhof without telling you that I never had any intention of eloping with Baron von Egidy."

The elector started. "What was your object, then," he said, adding with a kinder note in his voice, "in allowing matters to go so far?"

The princess blushed, then grew pale. "I cannot tell you," she stammered.

For a moment the elector looked at her intently. Then crossing to her side he took her face between his hands and looked into her eyes. "I think I understand," he said softly. "Irene!" And as he put his arms around her she buried her head on his shoulder, passionate sobs shaking her slender figure.

"I never knew you cared," the princess said later as they were sitting in the window seat. "I—I liked you from the first. You were so different from other men. But you always were so cold, so reserved, and I felt that you would never love me—never."

"And you were so merry, so bright, Irene, that I felt you could never think me anything but a dull and tedious bore, but"—

"Yes, there are a great many 'buts,'" interrupted the princess with a touch of her old gayety, "and I must make my confession. The poor baron was a tool, and when I saw that I could not provoke you by my open interest in him—well, I lost my better sense. His note making an appointment was a terrible shock to my pride, but when I found you were not upon the ice that afternoon I kept it. I had determined to end the matter at once, but catching sight of a peasant cutting down trees I recognized you, and remembering your favorite hobby and disguise I determined to consent to the elopement and to arrange the plans in your hearing simply to see whether you cared for me sufficiently to prevent it. I knew it was madness on my part, for if you had not come"—

"The end in this instance, Irene, justifies the means," said the elector, kissing her, "for if I had not overheard the baron's plan as you intended I should never have known how much you loved me."

"And if you had not loved me," echoed the princess, "you would not have saved me from my folly."

"Yet you played a desperate game."

"Yes, but the stakes were happiness—and you."

"And the baron?" asked the elector playfully.

"Ah," the princess replied, smiling, "he, too, played a desperate game! But he forgot that his opponent was a woman, and a woman in love."—Frank Hird in St. James Budget.

Hints on Retouching.

It often happens that there are spots on a negative—caused by specks of dust on the plate, air bubbles in the developer or an unlucky scratch in the handling—which, if not covered in some way, make a black spot on the silver paper and mar the beauty of what would otherwise be a fine picture. With a little practice one can learn to fill up these defects so that they will be scarcely noticeable in the print.

Take a drop or two of the retouching varnish on the end of the finger and rub it lightly and evenly over the places which are to be retouched. Put to dry in a place free from dust. It will be dry enough in three or four hours. Place the retouching frame on a table by a window with a good strong light, close the blind or lower the shade over the upper part of the window and place a sheet of white paper under the frame on the table. Place the negative in the frame, and over it put a piece of opaque paper with a hole an inch or two in diameter opening over the place to be retouched. This also protects the film and shuts off all light except from the points to be treated. Now, if the hole is a large one, take the brush and moisten it and rub a little of the lampblack from the cake of water color on it. Then with the greatest care touch the spot directly in the center with a bit of the paint. Rinse the brush, and, turning it till a fine point is obtained, work the paint carefully toward the edges of the spot, taking care that it does not touch the film, but comes close to it. Let the paint dry, and if the first application has not made the spot of an equal density with the surrounding film repeat the process. If the operation is not successful, the paint can be removed by applying a little turpentine on a soft cloth.—Harper's Round Table.

Not a "Peach."

It is said that Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, had small patience with the fault finding of those sitters who preferred flattery in a portrait to an exact likeness. He was not slow to speak his mind to such patrons as displayed this feeling.

At one time a man and wife came to him to have their portraits painted. The lady was a woman of much character, great kindness of heart and withal possessed of a fortune which perhaps had helped her husband to discover and appreciate her many virtues, but she was extraordinarily plain in her personal appearance.

When her portrait was finished, the husband was not pleased. He wanted some of the peculiarities of her face softened on the canvas, though in the original nothing could be done to improve them.

Stuart, with unusual forbearance, did his best to accede to his patron's wishes and yet preserve the likeness. When he had done all that seemed to him could possibly be done in honesty to his sitter, he sent again for the husband.

To his disgust, the man expressed himself as still dissatisfied with the result. At that Stuart, throwing up his hands with a gesture of despair, began to pace his studio and at last broke out into a soliloquy.

"What a miserable life the artist's is!" he cried. "Worried to death by the demands and complaints of his patrons! Here is a man who brings me an excellent potato and finds fault because I cannot turn it into a peach!"—Youth's Companion.

Eve Tempted With a Banana.

Venerable antiquity hangs about the banana, and by some it is believed to be the fruit which tempted Eve, while others think that the great cluster of grapes brought by Jewish spies from the valley of Eschol—so heavy that two men were required to carry each—were in reality bananas, says an exchange. Chittagong, Philippine islands, Siam and Ceylon were the original homes of this fruit

THE MODERN JONAH.

STORY OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR SWALLOWED BY A WHALE.

The Account Bears Some Resemblance to That In the Bible, Though James Bartley Was Not So Long In the Whale's Belly as Jonah Was.

John Townshend of 302 West Seventy-third street gives information that the story of the sailor, James Bartley, supposed to have been swallowed by a whale and rescued alive, was printed in detail in The Mercury of South Yarmouth, England, in October, 1891.

Bartley sailed on the Star of the East and is supposed to have met with his adventure in the vicinity of the Falkland islands. Mr. Townshend says the story is a good seaman's yarn, whether one chooses to believe it or not.

According to the story, which is told in great detail, "the ship sighted a whale one morning on her starboard quarter. Two boats were manned, and in a short time one was near enough to spear the whale, which was an unusually large one. The fish made a terrific fight. Both boats got spears fastened in it and were dragged some three miles.

"Finally, when the whale came to the surface, it managed to strike one of the boats with its nose. The boat was upset. One man was drowned, and another, named James Bartley, disappeared. It was supposed at the time that he, too, had been drowned.

"The whale gave up at last and was taken back to the side of the ship. The crew went to work with axes and spades to secure the fat. They worked all day and a part of the night and resumed operations the next forenoon. They had now reached the stomach and were clearing it to hoist it on deck when they were startled to notice something inside of it which gave spasmodic signs of life.

"The vast pouch was hoisted to the deck and cut open, and inside was found the missing sailor, doubled up and unconscious.

"He was laid out on deck and treated to a bath of sea water, which soon revived him, but his mind was not clear, and he was placed in the captain's quarters, where he remained two weeks a raving lunatic. He was carefully treated by the captain and officers of the ship, and he finally began to get possession of his senses. At the end of the third week he had entirely recovered from his shock and resumed his duties.

"During the brief sojourn in the whale's belly Bartley's skin, where it was exposed to the action of the gastric juices, underwent a striking change. His face and hands were bleached to a deathly whiteness, and the skin was wrinkled, giving the man the appearance of having been parboiled.

"Bartley affirmed that he could probably have lived inside of his house of flesh until he starved, for he lost his senses through fright and not through lack of air. He says that he remembers the sensation of being lifted into the air by the nose of the whale and of falling into the water. Then there was a fearful rushing sound, which he believed to be the beating of the water by the whale's tail. Then he was encompassed by a fearful darkness, and he felt himself slipping along a smooth passage of some sort that seemed to move and carry him forward.

"This sensation lasted but an instant. Then he felt that he had more room. He felt about him, and his hands came in contact with a yielding, slimy substance that seemed to shrink from his touch. It finally dawned on him that he had been swallowed by the whale, and he was overcome with horror at the situation. He could breathe easily, but the heat was terrible. It was not of a scorching, stifling nature, but it seemed to open the pores of his skin and draw out his vitality.

"He became very weak and grew sick at the stomach. He knew that there was no hope of escape from his strange prison. Death stared him in the face, and he tried to look at it bravely, but the awful quiet, the fearful darkness, the horrible knowledge of his environment and the terrible heat finally overcame him, and he must have fainted, for he next remembered being in the captain's cabin.

The account further says: "The health of the man does not seem to have been affected. He is in splendid spirits and apparently enjoys all the blessings of life that come in his way. The whaling captains say they never knew a parallel case. They say that it frequently occurs that men are swallowed by whales who become infuriated by the pain of the harpoon and attack the boats, but they have never known a man to go through the ordeal that Bartley did and come out alive."—New York Times.

His Awful Cheek Did It.

It was in the cabinet maker's shop, and a party of strangers were looking at the different labor saving devices. One gentleman, very shortsighted, had tarried at the bench across the room. He was examining a circular saw that was whirling its teeth with lightninglike rapidity.

Absorbedly interested in the piece of mechanism, his face drew nearer and nearer to the cruel teeth tearing round and round with remorseless energy. At this instant his friends turn about. They see his danger. Inevitably the gap grows smaller and smaller. Spellbound, they are unable to utter a sound. They cannot endure to see their friend torn and lacerated. Instinctively they shut their eyes.

Then comes the awful jar of the collision. There is a whirling sound and a crash. A shudder runs through them all. The next instant they hear the voice of the cabinet maker:

"Of course you will pay for that saw, sir?"

Their friend had escaped uninjured, but the saw was shattered—it had struck his cheek.

He was a commercial traveler.—Pearson's Weekly.

A DISH OF SNAILS.

Profits In Snails of More Than 1,000,000 Francs Annually.

It may surprise many readers to learn that the common garden snail, regarded as an unmitigated pest by agriculturists in this country, is used for food by thousands of persons, and when properly cooked is esteemed a dainty dish by epicures in all the great cities of the world. Not only is this the case in foreign countries, where the overcrowding of the population renders it obligatory that everything edible should be eaten, but here in America, where in New York the arrival of the French steamers with their cargoes of snails is an event of importance in gastronomic circles, and the leading French restaurants advertise the dish as a special attraction. Like other homely animals which serve for food, the snail changes his name when he comes to the table and takes the French title.

Thus, as the pig becomes pork, the ox beef and the sheep mutton, the snail figures on bills of fare as l'escargot, a much more imposing designation. Like many other dishes esteemed by epicures, it comes to us by way of France from Italy, for the French, who are the masters of the world in cookery, learned the art originally from the Italians. The ancient Romans, whose emperors and nobles lived to eat, and who not infrequently spent a fortune on a single feast, considered l'escargot a choice delicacy. Pliny mentioned it as among the table luxuries of his day, and Apicius, in a treatise on cookery, enumerates several ways of cooking the dish, the most extravagant being with a sauce of sweet herbs, milk, butter, cheese, boiled wine, wheat flour and saffron.

L'escargot has always been regarded as nutritious and wholesome. In the middle ages he was used as medicine and pounded in a mortar. Stewed in milk, he was regarded as a specific in lung diseases. He has always been eaten in the south of France, where he does immense damage to the vines, and the grape growers are glad to be rid of him and make money at the same time by sending him to market. Indeed, he forms an important source of revenue, and his yearly sales in Paris alone are said to approximate 1,000,000 francs. While he feeds chiefly on the grape leaf, he is also fond of cabbages, and, indeed, will eat any green herb or tender leaf. For this reason the snails, when gathered, are always placed in casks and kept without food in a cool place for at least two months in order to purify them. They have a fancy for both hemlock and belladonna, and cases of poisoning sometimes occur as a result of eating snails which have not been properly cleansed—i. e., starved—before being brought to table. He is classed by the dealers as among shellfish and is in great demand as a Lenten delicacy. Heaps of them are exposed for sale on the counters at the halles, side by side with lobsters and crawfish, for the crawfish is another French dainty. It has long been the custom in Bordeaux to go on Ash Wednesday to the commune of Canderan, which is noted for its escargoteries (snail farms) to feast upon escargot by way of winding up the carnival and beginning Lent.

Along the Cote d'Or and in the lower Alps snail picking furnishes employment to hundreds of people and is carried on much as berry picking. In the early morning, when the slimy trail of the snail glistens wherever he has crawled during the night, the pickers go forth with baskets and pails. They find the snails in damp places, resting on the under surface of leaves and veins and gather them just as the farmer's boy picks dewberries or huckleberries. These are snails of natural growth, wild snails, we would say.

But snails are largely cultivated for the market, and one farm near Dijon is said to clear 7,000 francs a year from its snails, which are fed upon cabbage and clover. There are many large snail gardens in the cantons of Switzerland, and Ulm has for many years been famous for its escargoteries. Great numbers of snails come to Spain, and the Midi from the African states bordering on the Mediterranean, bushels of them being exported from Algiers every week during the season.

You will find them on the bill of fare in every restaurant in Paris, or you may buy them in the markets, either alive or boiled in strong salt and vinegar water and drawn from the shell all ready for cooking, in which state the Parisian housekeeper prefers them, and in which she pays a cent apiece for them.—What to Eat.

The Care of Parks.

A point to be insisted upon is that it is not sufficient to purchase land for parks. They must be planted with care and maintained with taste, and to keep them in condition renewed expenditure is necessary. They cannot merely be purchased and left to nature and the public. They must be cultivated, pruned, policed, and the expense of preserving their beauty and usefulness must not be begrudged by taxpayers who reap such great advantages from them. Too many have the idea that the purchase of a park is the end of the matter. This is far from being the case, and exertions must constantly be made to secure liberal appropriations for its proper maintenance. Much difficulty exists in impressing this fact upon citizens, but in time they will realize that a great art demands continuous liberal support, and we may be sure that they will then be as generous in maintaining and improving the parks of the country as they have proved to be in purchasing them.—Mary C. Robbins in Atlantic.

A Proper Protest.

"Sir," he shouted, "do you not realize that your actions place me in a bad light before the public?"

Though overcome with confusion, the property man managed to get the glare of the calcium on the center of the stage, where strode he who had just spoken.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHYNESS IS SERIOUS.

MEDICAL EXPERTS SAY IT IS A SYMPTOM OF MELANCHOLIA.

It Takes Various Forms, but Is Invariably a Forerunner of Dementia—A Disease That Should Be Carefully Treated In Time—Affects Men as Well as Women.

At last it has been discovered that the reason the girl who seems exceedingly shy acts in the fashion she does is that she is demented.

This is the result of extensive investigation by insanity experts on both sides of the water. Exceptional bashfulness, as it is called, is really shyness. It is a morbid condition of the mind, a certain sort of dementia.

Often is the expression heard that a person is painfully shy. Yet in such an instance no doubt has been raised as to the mental condition of the object of the remark. Nevertheless, it is far more than probable that the individual referred to was suffering from insanity just as much if not more, than many persons who are living out a tortured existence within the walls of a madhouse.

It is a well known fact that one of the most notable symptoms of insanity is that which causes the person afflicted to shun the company of others. Loneliness is an incentive to insanity. Confinement in a solitary cell in a prison often breeds madness. It is altogether an unnatural mental condition which impels a person to avoid the society of humanity. No one whose condition is normal ever consents to such an existence.

Just how the insanity expert looks at shyness is shown by the following statement, made by Dr. G. W. Kunz of New York, whose wide experience makes his opinion well worth considering:

"Shyness is as much a disease as scarlet fever. It is recognized as a symptom of dementia or melancholia, just as an extremely strong willed person, or one who is what is termed unusually self assertive, is regarded by physicians as a possible subject for acute paresis.

"This shyness takes various forms, such as a sudden feeling of faintness and weakness on looking down from any extreme height. It is present when a woman persists in looking under the bed before retiring, although she knows full well that there is no man there. I know of one case of a woman who, when she turns out the gas, invariably lights a match to see if she has turned it completely off, and nine times out of ten she lights another match to see if she threw the first match into the coal scuttle or fireplace. That is another form of what may be termed shyness.

"This shyness is due to a variety of causes. It is very often the case that a system which is run down leads to this condition of mind. The continual thinking upon any subject, or what is termed brooding over a certain thing, leads to this. If not checked in time, melancholia results.

"This shyness is as common to men as to women. Some men seem embarrassed and ill at ease when in the presence of women, while, on the other hand, it is often noticed that the presence of gentlemen makes some women very ill at ease, only, in justice to the sex, it must be stated that this very rarely happens.

"There are many reasons for these facts, but the most common one is ill health. Should a person so troubled go to a physician, he or she would be regarded as possessing symptoms indicating a lack of will power and approaching insanity in some form. There are waves of morbid shyness, just as there are waves of insanity. There are waves of certain kinds of suicide, resulting from insanity. There are waves of bridge jumping, killing with razors or knives, shooting and death by poison.

"Many suicides are due to temporary insanity, brought on by a variety of causes. One of the first symptoms is shyness. Persons afflicted with this shyness never take up any of the sciences or professions or become students. They lack the will power necessary to do so. Where the normal mind of man overcomes difficulties and troubles when they come, the shy, retiring man seeks relief in suicide."

Dr. Henry Campbell, who is the physician in charge of the Northwest London hospital, says that morbid shyness is, like other mental disorders, an exaggeration of an unnatural physical state. It is among women, he declares, that this symptom of mental disorder is most often seen. Lacking the physical strength of man in most instances, they are unable to withstand the depression that sometimes seizes them. That depression gives birth to a desire to be unobserved. Here is the beginning of the fit of shyness which results in unbalancing the mind and creating the idea that the very sight of others is an affliction to be avoided.

Several New York doctors who discussed the question at length said that they had noticed particularly among young women whom they had been called upon to see that those who had exhibited the greatest embarrassment in the presence of young men were lacking in that mental equipoise necessary to the normal brain. Modesty is one thing, they said, shyness quite another. The one causes the young woman to refrain from action that would bring upon her just criticism. The other is simply impelled to a course of action for which there is neither rhyme nor reason, and one that only results in general discomfort.—New York Journal.

About the Same.

"By the way, where is the major nowadays?" asked the mutual friend.

"He is in an institution for the treatment of the feeble minded," said the colonel, with a trace of acrimony in his voice.

"You don't say!"

"Well, sah, they don't call the place by that name, sah. But you can see for yo'self that it amounts to the same thing. It is a water cure establishment, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A ROYAL CORNER.

How the Sacred, if Lonely, Precinct Was Invaded by an American.

An American attending a wedding reception in a great house in London congratulated bride and bridegroom and passed the usual compliments with the host and hostess.

There was a great throng of guests, and he could not linger at the entrance of the drawing room when there were many behind him anxious to offer their greetings.

Perceiving a quiet corner to the right of the bride where a gentleman and a lady were standing apart from the other guests he went directly to it, unwittingly coming to a stop between two royal personages.

The American was not aware of the fact that he was face to face with one of the queen's daughters and had turned his back upon another member of the royal family. He stood quietly looking about, hoping to see some acquaintance in the company with whom he might have a chat, and soon became uncomfortably conscious that he was attracting attention and that the hostess and bride were casting uneasy glances in the direction of the corner where he had taken shelter. While the drawing room was crowded, the company of guests with one consent avoided the secluded corner where he and his two royal companions were stationed.

An acquaintance in the background perceived his mistake, and coming within hailing distance motioned to him. He left his two companions in exclusive occupation of the corner, turning his back upon both as he edged his way through the throng, while everybody stared at him. When he reached the spot where his acquaintance was waiting for him, the stage whisper was breathed into his ear:

"You have been poaching on royal preserves. You are a privileged character because you are an American, but no Englishman ventures to turn his back upon a prince or a princess. People were staring you out of countenance because they took it for granted that you must be a royal personage, yet they were unable to identify you."

The answer might have been made that every American is a sovereign by the divine right of equality of free citizenship, but this would have been a meaningless pleasantry in an English drawing room, where social etiquette has a sanctity superior to loyalty to democratic principle.

The American thanked his friend for rescuing him from an embarrassing position, and then stood by and watched the corner where royalty was isolated from too close contact with the world of wealth and fashion.

No guest approached the royal pair. Their presence was an act of condescension to the host and hostess, and they remained on exhibition as the patrons of this social function without having their corner invaded. Everybody was careful not to approach them too closely, and there was a general sense of relief when they departed and the necessity for backing away from them on side tracks was removed.—Youth's Companion.

NEED FOR SLEEP.

The Most Important Compensation For All Effects of Fatigue.

By far the most important compensation for all effects of fatigue is sleep. Everybody, even the man mentally most inert, develops when awake a mass of mental effort which he cannot afford continuously without suffering. We need, therefore, regularly recurring periods in which the consumption of mental force shall be slower than the continuous replacement. The lower the degree to which the activity of the brain sinks the more rapid and more complete the recovery.

The mental vigor of most men is usually maintained at a certain height for the longest time in the forenoon. Evidence of fatigue come on later at this time of day than in the evening, when the store of force in our brain has been already considerably drawn upon by the whole day's work. If no recovery by sleep is enjoyed or it is imperfect, the consequences will invariably make themselves evident the next day in a depression of mental vigor, as well as in a rise in the personal susceptibility to fatigue. The rapidity with which one of the persons I experimented upon could perform his task in addition sank about a third after a night's journey by railway with insufficient sleep. Another experimenter could detect the effects of keeping himself awake at night in a gradual decrease of vigor lasting through four days. This observation was all the more surprising because the subject was not conscious of the long duration of the disturbance and was first made aware of it incidentally by the results of continued measurements on the causes of the manifestations of fatigue.—Popular Science Monthly.

Officials Without an Office.

The queen's watermen are officials without an office. A waterman without a barge must be something like an editor without a paper. But we must not forget this difference, that while one fattens on the indulgence of the nation the other would starve. There are altogether 36 of this admirable body of do nothings. For performing their task admirably they receive a solatium of about £5 a year.—Exchange.

All Seasons For Its Own.

"Ice is an awfully ruinous thing," sighed Cholly. "In winter whole towns are bankrupted by ice gorges, and in the summer the young men are bankrupted by ice cream gorges."—Chicago Tribune.

Every man will find his own private affairs more difficult to manage and control than any public affairs in which he may be engaged.—Lord Melbourne.

Not more than one criminal in a thousand sentenced for life, or 99 years, by the courts of the United States serves more than 30 years.

FRANKED FOR THEM.

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND BOYS IN BLUE.

An Envelope That Is More Valuable Than the Best Stamp In Any Collection—The Soldier Who Wouldn't Tell Lincoln a Lie.

"Let this go. A. LINCOLN."

Unless it has been destroyed there is in a home in Fond du Lac county, Wis., a soldier letter in an envelope bearing the above words, signed by the great war president.

Frank King was a Lamartine boy, fresh from the farm, and a character our whole company took to kindly from the first.

When the army was camped in Virginia, near Washington, the winter of 1861-2, it was a common practice with the soldiers, when they got a pass, to visit the city to buy a package of envelopes and call at the capitol, send in for their senator or representative and get him to frank them.

One of our boys came back to camp in high feather. He had two packages of envelopes—one franked by Senator James R. Doolittle, now a Chicago lawyer, the other by the late Senator T. O. Howe, who succeeded Captain James as postmaster general in President Arthur's cabinet. For 20 years senators and members have been giving a good deal of their time to helping the soldiers with their pension claims. If they have done it as willingly and pleasantly as they used to frank envelopes for the boys, they must be pretty nearly angels.

"You fellows, there, are making a big blast over getting a couple of senators to frank your envelopes," said Frank King. "Just you wait till you see me come back from Washington with the president's name on some letter covers."

Within a few days Frank King and Harry Dunn, who for years after the war was a Chicago business man, went to the city. They called at the White House. It was easier to see the president then than it is now. At certain hours of the day a soldier could reach the chief executive with fully as much ease as a senator can in these later years.

King was the ringleader. Approaching the guard, he said: "We want to see Mr. Lincoln. Please stand aside and let us pass."

"Who are you, and what is your business?"

"You tell old Abe we have charge of a regiment over on Arlington Heights and want to see him on an important matter. He'll let us in."

"Where are your shoulder straps?"

"We came over in our everyday clothes. Come, we are in a hurry. Let us go in and see Mr. Lincoln."

The parley had attracted the attention of the president. The door swung open and the good natured chief of the nation smiled upon the cheeky young fellows and bade them step right in.

"What can I do for you, my men?"

"Mr. Lincoln, I want you to frank these envelopes," said King.

"Better get your congressman to do that."

"I'd much rather have you do it, Mr. Lincoln. The folks at home would like to see your name on my letters."

"I'll fix one of them. Take the rest to your congressman. Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your home?"

"Lamartine, Fond du Lac county, Wis."

"That is my friend Scott Sloan's district. You go to Mr. Sloan. He will fix the rest of them."

The president shook hands with the two privates, asked them to be brave soldiers and wished them a safe return to their western homes.

Frank couldn't make his tentmates believe that the president had written: "Let this go. A. Lincoln." But the next day he wrote a letter to his father. The name of Lincoln was personally examined by all of the neighbors.

In January, 1864, our regiment was in Washington on the way home, having re-enlisted—"veteranized," as they called it. In company with two others I went to the White House. The president shook hands with us, thanked us for swearing in for three years more and expressed the hope that we would have a nice visit on our veteran furlough.

"Mr. President," said Jones—Ed Jones—"you franked a letter for one of the boys in our company, Frank King. I wish you would frank one for me."

"Odd as it may seem, you are the second soldier to make such a request. So both are of the same company? Very well."

On Jones' envelope he wrote "A. Lincoln, President," and as he handed it back he asked what had become of that other man who had asked him to pass a letter.

"He was killed at Gettysburg."

I shall never forget the look of sadness in the president's face when the answer was given, and it had not disappeared when we left the room.

"Jones, what did you tell him about King for? Did you see how it pained him?"

"What did he ask about him for? Do you suppose I was going to lie to a man I would die for?" was Jones' indignant reply.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Court's Decision.

"You remember Howforth, who married the woman who kept house for him so long?"

"Yep."

"Well, the court granted her a divorce last week."

"Alimony?"

"Not in cash. The decision was that she could keep the house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A hornets' nest usually contains from 300 to 400 perfect males and females and an indefinite number of workers.

The earliest use of weights is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, 985 B. C.

A PUZZLING PARIS HOUSE.

It Has Two Spiral Stairways Which Look Like One at Times.

One of the greatest curiosities of Paris is the house with the double staircase. It does not figure in the guidebook and is not among the places of interest that are photographed, but, for all that, it is of greater interest than many of the things that come within this class.

This house has entrances at 35 Rue Radzivill and at 18 Rue de Valois. It is in the quarter of the Palais Royal—that palace now given up largely to restaurants and cheap jewelry shops, and once the residence of the most licentious of French princes, the regent d'Orleans. The quarter is one of the most central in Paris, and all Americans who have been in Paris know it, but the house, which is a few steps from the Palais Royal, the Rue de Rivoli and the Louvre, escapes general attention because it faces on dark and narrow streets.

Each staircase begins on opposite sides of the central space of the house and is continued separate right up to the roof. They are in a graceful spiral form. The house is nine stories high, a very considerable height for one so old. As you look up the wall you can hardly realize that there is more than one stairway.

The result of this arrangement is that one stairway takes you to the first floor apartment on the right, the second floor on the left, and so on. The other stairway takes you to the first floor on the left, the second floor on the right, and so on. You must be very careful to choose the right stairway when you are going to an apartment, otherwise you may mount as far as the sixth floor and find yourself on the wrong side of the house. It is just as well then to go to the top and come down by the other stairway.

It is difficult to describe the puzzling effect of this contrivance on those who see it for the first time. No more ingenious contrivance for exciting profanity and causing confusion was ever designed by architect. The beauty lies in its simplicity, which gives it an advantage over secret doors and such laborious devices.

It is a favorite trick with those who know the house to take moderately intoxicated friends to see it. The man who knows tells his friend to go up stairs. Then he goes up himself by the opposite stairway. When he has gone up about two stories, he leans over the balustrade and tells his friend to join him. The inebriate endeavors to do so, running up and down stairs, but never able to catch the other.—New York Journal.

GREAT GRAPE INDUSTRY.

The Shores of Lake Chautauqua Supply Half the Country.

The management of the vineyard is an interesting study and one which to be successful requires technical knowledge. In the large vineyards, as a rule, the owner himself gives personal supervision to every detail. Sometimes a manager or overseer performs these duties. One of the largest growers in this section tells me that the most successful grower is the foreigner, who, with his family of eight or ten, comes and leases or buys 25 or 50 acres of land, each member of the family having his or her part in the work to perform from spring until picking time, while the winter is devoted to the making of the baskets. Thus no outside expenditure is incurred, and when the grapes are sold the proceeds return to the family as the profit on the individual labor of each member, quite in contrast with the large owner, who is compelled to hire help to do each little thing in addition to buying his baskets.

The Concord grape is the only variety of any consequence raised in this region, and some idea of the magnitude of the business carried on may be had when it is known that the shipments for one year from Chautauqua county alone will amount to 3,500 carloads, 3,000 baskets of 10 pounds each in each car. These are taken from the grower by some one of the numerous growers' associations, whose business it is to find a market. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that three-fourths of them go to points west of Chicago, while the other one-fourth travels eastward.

The making of baskets is an important item. Many factories are employed. The price ranges from 2 to 2½ cents per basket. Thus the grower who would find his business in any way profitable must, in addition to the cost of the basket, realize at least 1 cent per pound for his grapes, while today it is a common thing to find a ten pound basket on the retail market slow sale at 10 cents. Thus we find that the utmost care must be taken in the management of a vineyard to make it profitable.—Chautauquan.

Her Train.

"How did the queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" asked the teacher of her Sunday school class of little girls.

No one ventured an answer.

"If you had studied your lesson, you could not have helped knowing," said their teacher. "Now look over the verses again."

"Could she have gone by the cars?" asked the teacher, beginning to lose patience as the children consulted their books, but appeared to arrive at no conclusion.

"Yes'm," said a little girl at the end of the class. "She went by steam cars."

"Did she, indeed? Well, Louise, we would like to know how you found that out?"

"In the second verse," responded the child, "it says 'she came with a very great train.'"—New York Advertiser.

Before the Effects Wore Off.

"Say, you're the fourth feller that has come here to try to trade hosses today," said Farmer Shortcrop. "What's got into you all?"

"W'y," said the visiting farmer sheepishly, "the story got out someways that you'd got religion at the revival las' night."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

Bare, low, tawny hills,
With bluer heights beyond,
And the air is sweet with spring,
But when will the earth respond?

Prairie that rolls for leagues,
Dusky and golden pale,
Like a stirless sea of waves,
Unbroken by ship or sail.

The hollows are dark with brush
And black with the wash of showers
And ragged with bleaching wreck
Of the ranks of the tall sunflowers.

No cloud in the blue, no stir
Save the shrill of the wind in the grass,
And the meadow lark's note, and the call
Of the wind borne crows that pass.

Bare, low, tawny hills,
With bluer heights beyond,
And the air is sweet with spring,
But when will the earth respond?
—Herbert Boles in New York Tribune.

TREES IN THE STREETS.

A Society In New York City to Beautify the Avenues.

Without doubt the Tree Planting association of New York has undertaken a most beneficent work. So far as it proves to be practicable, it will contribute as much as any other scheme that could be projected for the embellishment of the city. The incorporators are to a considerable extent the same as the incorporators of the Botanic garden—men well known for public spirit and intelligence. Thus the society begins under the most favorable possible auspices, for caution and discrimination as well as for enterprise.

Of course its work will be largely experimental. There are streets, even residential streets, in New York in which it may not be wise to attempt tree planting at all, for the reason that the space cannot be spared, either from the sidewalk or the roadway, for the boxes that must protect the young trees or for the trunks of such as live to maturity. Even in those streets in which there is room enough for trees there are many places in which no trees can thrive by reason of the lack of sunshine, and, indeed, there are scarcely any streets in New York below the park in which trees can be expected to do so well as in a place like Washington, where the streets are so wide and the buildings so low as to give all trees that may be planted a fair chance for life. Almost the only streets in New York that are as favorably situated are the Broadway boulevard and the Riverside drive. The boulevard has been until within the past few months a dismal monument to municipal neglect. Now it is kept in order, but time is required to replace the trees that have been allowed to die, and the double row of trees that were meant "high overarched to embower" does not embower at all, but presents upon the whole a scraggy and dismal spectacle.

This, of course, comes mainly from neglect, for there is no reason why trees in this thoroughfare should not thrive if they can be made to thrive anywhere in New York. The general introduction of electric lighting will do much for the trees unless gas is still carried through the ground for fuel. It is given out that uncontaminated earth will be used for the setting of the new trees, but, judging from what we have experienced in the opening of Fifth avenue for a sewer and the previous openings of other avenues for laying cables, the percolation of the gas through the fresh soil would be a matter of only weeks at the longest. The new association is plainly destined to encounter many obstacles. If it succeeds in gaining even a partial victory over them, it will entitle itself to the gratitude of all New Yorkers.—New York Times.

Musical Recitation.

Although the Quakers, as a sect, do not favor music, regarding it as a profitless amusement indulged in by the world's people, there are occasionally stories told which show that the love of music sometimes steals its way into a Quaker household in spite of discipline.

George Thompson, the famous English abolitionist, while lecturing on the abolition of slavery in the British provinces, stopped one night with a Quaker family. He was a great lover of music, and at that time was a good singer.

During the evening he sang "Oft In the Stilly Night," which was listened to with the closest attention.

In the morning his Quaker hostess appeared somewhat uneasy. She wished to hear the song again, but it would hardly do, she thought, for her to request its repetition. At last, however, her desire overcame her scruples.

"George," she said, with a faint pink color in her soft cheeks, "will thee repeat the words of last evening in thy usual manner?"—Youth's Companion.

At His Own Expense.

Mr. Bluff—Look here, young man, you're always going about with my daughter, and I want to know what your intentions are regarding her?

Young Man—I really have no intentions, sir.

Mr. Bluff (angrily)—Then, what do you mean by amusing yourself at my daughter's expense?

Young Man (airily)—I'm not amusing myself at your daughter's expense, sir, but at my own expense. I always pay for the theater tickets and refreshments.—Pearson's Weekly.

Exchanging Compliments.

"I see that you are your own washerwoman," said Mrs. Spitely, who was leading her poodle past the place.

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Snaply. "But, thank goodness, I'm not reduced to playing nursegirl for a dog."—Detroit Free Press.

There are a great many spiders, especially among the tropical varieties, which have three eyes, one on each side of the head and the third exactly in the center of the "forehead." This middle or third eye is always the largest.

The book of Job, written about 1520 B. C., describes very accurately several processes of smelting metals.

Trying to be witty is like trying to be pretty.—Fliegende Blatter.

TRAPPING CROWS.

It Is Not an Easy Matter to Net the Wily Birds.

Crows are trapped and sold to sportsmen for shooting matches, usually bringing $10 per 100, but, like other things, when scarce they bring more.

It is no simple matter to trap crows, for the crow is a wily bird, and to catch him in a net set for that purpose requires skill, and patience as well, but the hunger of the crow is always the trapper's greatest aid. One man alone would make but little headway catching crows and would probably sit all day in his little bough house ready to spring his net, but the crows would give his bait a wide berth because they would know that he was there.

After placing the carcass of some animal on a field the net is set close to it by bending poles of saplings, on which the net is hung flat to the ground, where they are held down by triggerlike pegs, and a line run 50 yards or more to a house built of boughs, where the trapper is secreted.

Another carcass is usually laid some hundreds of yards distant on the same or another field, where there is no net set. The trappers, usually two in number, go into the bough house together before daylight, and when the crows begin to assemble on the fields one of them goes out and walks away. The crows, seeing him leave, grow a little bolder and approach the bait in ones and twos, but stop only long enough to get a beakful of the flesh and fly off again. The carcass where there is no net set is of course the best patronized, but the trapper on the outside makes it his business to walk near enough to that to keep the crows from settling on it in numbers and thus satisfying their hunger without going to the one where the net is. After awhile their hunger gets the better of their judgment or their fear, and they gather on the carcass where the net is. This is the opportunity of the man in the bough house, who, with a vigorous pull on the line, springs the net over them. Quick work must be done then by the trappers, who rush up to the net, to keep the trapped crows from crawling out at the ends and the front, where it is not staked fast to the ground. With their hands covered with stout buckskin gloves, to keep the crows from biting and scratching them, the captured birds are put in bags ready to be carried off the field. From 40 to 60 are frequently caught at one pull, but it is a rare thing to get more than two springs of the net in one day.—Philadelphia Record.

A STORY OF LONGFELLOW.

Mrs. Fields Tells an Interesting Anecdote of the Author.

Speaking of Longfellow, in her volume of literary reminiscences, Mrs. Jane J. Fields says:

"His kindness and love of humor carried him through many a tedious interruption. He generously overlooked the fact of the subterfuges to which men and women resorted in order to get an interview, and, to help them out, made as much of their excuses as possible. Speaking one day of the persons who came to see him at Nahant, he said: 'One man, a perfect stranger, came with an omnibus full of ladies. He descended, introduced himself; then, returning to the omnibus, took out all the ladies, one, two, three, four and five, with a little girl, and brought them in. I entertained them to the best of my ability, and they staid an hour. They had scarcely gone when a forlorn woman in black came up to me on the piazza and asked for a dipper of water. "Certainly," I replied, and went to fetch her a glass. When I brought it, she said: "There is another woman just by the fence who is tired and thirsty. I will carry this to her." But she struck her head as she passed through the window and spilled the water on the piazza. "Oh, what have I done!" she said. "If I had a floor cloth, I would wipe it up." "Oh, no matter about the water," I said, "if you have not hurt yourself." Then I went and brought more water for them both and sent them on their way refreshed and rejoicing.'

"It would be both an endless and unprofitable task to recall more of the curious experiences which popularity brought down upon him. There is a passage among Mr. Fields' notes, however, in which he describes an incident during Longfellow's last visit to England which should not be overlooked. Upon his arrival the queen sent a graceful message and invited him to Windsor castle, where she received him with all the honors, but he told me no foreign tribute touched him deeper than the words of an English hod carrier who came up to the carriage door at Harrow and asked permission to take the hand of the man who had written the 'Voices of the Night.'"

The End of Books.

What brings about the end of books? Is it fire, water, worms? As every ship launched is bound to be wrecked, every theater to be burned, the finis of the book is its reduction to ashes. What became of the Alexandrian library? Did the Saracens burn it in 640? There is this question asked: Was there any library at Alexandria containing 700,000 books? Gibbon inclines to the opinion that there was no such library. Canon Taylor insists that if there had been a library it was burned in the time of Julius Cæsar. Tradition seems to indicate, however, that there was a library in the Serapeum, by no means a large collection, but whether destroyed by Theophilus or Theodosius is not known. It looks as if the charge brought against the Arabs rested on no foundation. Recent explorations of Alexandria, 1895-6, show no traces of the Serapeum. The seaport of Egypt was built on a damp foundation, and, granting that there was a library, if not destroyed by fire, then the papyri might have suffered from decay due to water. Books of today taken to India, to the southern states and to the West Indies perish through mildew.—New York Times.

1778. 1897.

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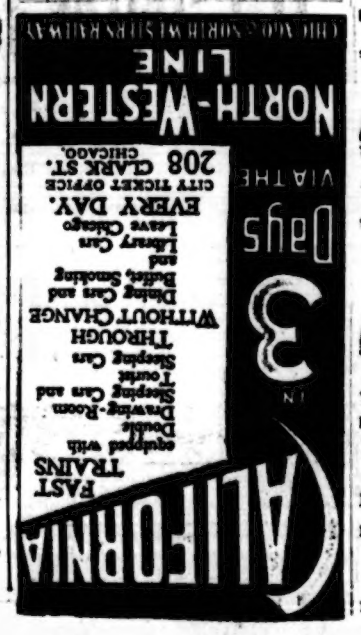

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